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EUPHEMIA.

BY

Ramsay Edwards

Mrs. *CHARLOTTE LENNOX.*

IN FOUR VOLUMES.

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EUPHEMIA.

LETTER I.

MISS HARLEY, TO MRS. NEVILLE.

ONE of the greateſt pleaſures I propoſed to myſelf, on my return to England, was to meet my dear Euphemia; to bind, if poſſible, in faſter bands, that tender friendſhip which has united us from our earlieſt years; to live in ſweet ſociety together: to ſuffer only ſhort abſences; rendered tolerable by frequent letters, and the dear hope of meeting ſoon again. But how are theſe expectations deſtroyed! You are going to leave me; and, too probably, for ever!

Long tracts of land, and an immeaſurable ocean, will ſoon divide us. I ſhall hear from you once or twice in a year, perhaps: my dear Euphemia will be loſt to me; and all that now remains of that friendſhip, which was the pride and happineſs of my life, will be the ſad remembrance of a good I once enjoyed, but which is fled for ever!

How ſhall I teach my heart to forget you! How ſhall I bear the converſation of other young women of our age and condition, after being uſed to yours! It was ſome merit to be capable of taſting it with ſo high a reliſh, as to render that of my other companions inſipid. There are friendſhips that ſerve only to paſs away the time, and ſoften the tedioufneſs of ſolitude; but yours, beſides being delightful, was profitable. I never read your letters, but I brought away pleaſures that remained, and advantages that did you no hurt. I grew rich by what I took from you, without impoveriſhing

impoverishing you by my gain. In a word, I was happy, and I am so no more. I must lose you! there is no remedy! My tears efface my letters as I write! I cannot, I would not, restrain them! The wise may call these tender feelings infirmities of the mind, if they will; I do not wish to be without them, and I had rather have my malady than their health.

But tell me, my Euphemia, by what strange fatality have all these things happened? When I went to France, I left you rich and happy; the reputed heiress of a large fortune, both your beloved parents alive, and every prospect brightening before you. What a reverse, in the space of a few months! An orphan! your inheritance lost! married; and, in consequence of that marriage, becoming an exile from your country, doomed to waste your days in America! I cannot bear to think of it! But you go with a husband you love. I never

thought my Euphemia very ſuſceptible of that paſſion. Mr. Neville undoubtedly muſt poſſeſs an uncommon ſhare of merit, to have ſo ſoon conquered your indifference, your reſerve, and, if I may now venture to ſay ſo, your indiſpoſition to the married ſtate. Oh! had it been otherwiſe, with what pleaſure ſhould I have communicated to you the happy change in my fortune; a fortune which, by ſharing with you, I ſhould have doubly enjoyed! I cannot enter into particulars now; my mind is too much agitated. Write to me ſoon: yet what can you ſay to comfort me? If you cannot ſay that you are not to quit England, it will be the firſt of your letters that I ſhall not receive with tranſport. Adieu, my ever-dear Euphemia.

MARIA HARLEY.

LETTER

LETTER II.

MISS HARLEY, TO MRS. NEVILLE. IN CONTINUATION.

MY DEAR EUPHEMIA,

I Cannot let the poſt go away without giving you the particulars of that happy change in my fortune which, while my heart was ſo full of your loſs that I could utter nothing but complaints, I only hinted at: but you would have reaſon to be offended with me if I was ſilent on this ſubject, knowing ſo well as I do the tender intereſt you take in whatever concerns me.

You never could be perſuaded to think that my uncle's marriage with Miſs Fenwick would make any alteration in his conduct towards me, having brought me up with a tenderneſs and care that ſupplied the loſs of my parents;

a loſs which I could only know by reflection, being but an infant when they died, and which the kindneſs of my uncle made it impoſſible for me to feel. But in this you was miſtaken, my dear friend: Lady Harley was a true ſtep-mother, and contrived to alienate my uncle's affection from me by artifices which impoſed upon us both. I will give you two or three inſtances of her plan of operations, as they have been ſince explained to me.

My uncle, who really loved me, and viewed all my actions in a favourable light, was particularly pleaſed with a certain attention which prevented his wiſhes, and made him perceive that I was delighted when I could be uſeful to him. There is nothing ſo neceſſary as to know how to bear tedious moments. My uncle did not poſſeſs this art: he is, as you know, a man of ſenſe, and ſome learning; but having paſſed the greateſt part of his life in the common track of men

men of fortune and faſhion, his amuſements muſt come all from without: he knew not how to ſtrike out any for himſelf, from reſources which a mind more cultivated might have afforded him.

Some time after his marriage, the gout began to viſit him with periodical fits: he bore the pain and the confinement with much impatience. Lady Harley, whoſe fondneſs for him always appeared exceſſive, rather tired than relieved him by her importunate careſſes: which, however, he received without any apparent peeviſhneſs; for, to be ſure, he knew how to value a love ſo tender and paſſionate, with which he had inſpired a woman twenty years younger than himſelf!

My company was now more acceptable than my aunt's. I ſung, I played to him: I gave the rein to my natural vivacity, and endeavoured to divert him by a thouſand lively ſallies of imagina-

tion. I read to him ſometimes; and perceived, with great ſatisfaction, that he began to acquire a taſte for this amuſement. My voice and manner pleaſed him. He had a well-ſtored library; and he approved my choice of the books which were to furniſh out his entertainment. You will eaſily imagine how much this taſte for reading increaſed upon him, when I tell you that I read all Plutarch's Lives to him in leſs than a fortnight. Thus this long fit of the gout paſſed away; during which, my aunt had time to make obſervations on her own inſufficiency on ſuch occaſions, and my apparent ſuperiority over her. A ſecond attack of the gout gave her an opportunity to practiſe ſome of thoſe artifices which ſhe had imagined, in order to leſſen my uncle's regard for me. She redoubled her cares and aſſiduity; ſhe ſcarce ever left him a moment; ſhe watched his looks, and every turn of his diſtemper, with ſuch an anxious ſolicitude, as if her life depended upon his.

She

She would riſe ſeveral times in the night, and run into his chamber to know if he ſlept, and if the nurſe was attentive. A thouſand things of this kind ſhe did, which left me, fond as I was of my uncle, far behind her in theſe outward teſtimonies of affection.

It is common for people to judge of friendſhip by the ſhew it makes, without conſidering that ſuperſtition is fuller of ceremonies than true devotion. My attentions appeared cold and conſtrained, compared with thoſe of my aunt; and were received with indifference. My uncle now ſeldom deſired me to read; and, when I offered to take a book, he would aſk me, if I did not think reading ſo much had hurt me. I ſometimes ſmiled at this: and he would add, with a ſignificant look—'Reading aloud is 'not good for one who has weak lungs.' —'That is not my caſe, Sir,' replied I. 'I am glad of it,' ſaid he, coldly: 'but, however, you ſhall not read to

'me.' I was quite confounded at this peremptory refusal, and knew not what to say to him; but, though vexed and mortified to the last degree, I suffered no complaints to escape me, because I was not willing to discompose my uncle, or gratify the malice of Lady Harley, who, I judged, was at the bottom of this peevishness in him: and I judged right; for this was the manner in which she effected her purpose, as my uncle afterwards informed me.

One day, when he desired her to bid me come and read to him, she regretted her not having equal talents with me for that employment—'Which if I had,' said she, 'I should not be afraid of fall-'ing into a consumption by using them.' —'Why, has Maria that notion?' said Sir John. 'She certainly has,' said my aunt: 'but you must not mention to her 'what I tell you. She complains of a 'pain in her breast; of shortness of 'breath; and declares, that when she has 'read

'read to you an hour or two, she feels 'as if she was ready to expire with a 'strange oppression and faintness. She 'has carried her apprehensions so far, as 'to send her case to an eminent physi-'cian; whose answer is, that if she con-'tinues to read aloud, she will fall into 'a decline.'

My uncle was amazed and confounded at hearing this, for I never looked better in my life; and he took notice of that circumstance. Lady Harley assured him I was perfectly well, and in very good spirits; 'And therefore,' added she, 'it is the more surprizing that she 'should give way to such strange fan-'cies.'

My aunt followed this first blow with many others of the same kind, which would be tedious to enumerate: so that at length my uncle viewing all my actions in an unfavourable light, set me down in his mind as a perfect hypocrite; a cha-

racter which he ever deſpiſed and hated. But although, in conſequence of this opinion, he withdrew his affection from me; yet, as it produced no other alteration in his behaviour than a certain coldneſs and reſerve, which rather increaſed than leſſened that politeneſs which was ſo natural to him, I knew not on what ground to build a complaint. My expences were as liberally ſupplied as before; my requeſts as readily granted. My uncle, as he has ſince told me, could never be brought to hate his brother's daughter, though he ceaſed to love me as his own.

Being in this unfavourable diſpoſition towards me, he was eaſily perſuaded to preſs me to a marriage, in which my inclinations were much leſs conſulted than my intereſt. You know the man I refuſed, my dear Euphemia; and you did not chide me for my diſobedience. My uncle, however, was offended; and as I was abſolutely incapable of repairing my fault,

fault, or even repenting of it, his continued diſpleaſure gave me ſo deep a concern, that my ſituation became very miſerable.

Mrs. Irwin was about this time preparing to go to the ſouth of France, for the recovery of her health: as ſhe was a near relation of my mother's, and a very worthy woman, I aſked and obtained leave to attend her. I left England without any regret, but parting with you, my ſweet friend; for my uncle appeared ſo happy in the paſſionate tenderneſs of his young wife, and ſo compleatly eſtranged from me, that I could not ſuppoſe my abſence would give him any uneaſineſs. He provided for my expences, however, with his uſual generoſity. When I took leave of him, my tears, and the ardour with which I kiſſed his hand, ſeemed to awaken ſome tender emotions; for he turned aſide, and wiped his eyes: but immediately afterwards, as if hardened by ſome unfavourable recollection,

recollection, he relapſed into his former coldneſs, and took a much more ceremonious than kind leave of me. My aunt acted her part extremely well; regretted the loſs of my company, and comforted herſelf with the hope of a happy meeting in a few months. Mrs. Irwin was amazed at the aſcendant Lady Harley had gained over a man of my uncle's good ſenſe: 'This woman,' ſaid ſhe, 'will, as the poet ſays—

"Mould his paſſions till ſhe makes his will."

'But it is my opinion, that your excurſion to the Continent will prove leſs favourable to her machinations than your ſtay here. With friends and lovers, abſence is a kind of Death, which ſheds oblivion over faults, and heightens every virtue and amiable quality. Lady Harley will now miſs a thouſand opportunities of hurting you with your uncle, which artifice on her ſide, and innocent ſecurity on yours, would have furniſhed her with

'if

'if you had ſtaid here.' It is certain, that the fine fabrick ſhe had raiſed with ſuch an expence of falſhood, was deſtroyed on a ſudden by means which ſhe could neither foreſee nor prevent.

With what pleaſure do I turn from this dark ſide of my fortune, to one in which my dear Euphemia will ſhare in my ſatisfaction! But what do I ſay! My Euphemia is going to leave me! This thought, like the ſtings of a guilty conſcience, ſaddens all my enjoyments; and, when I ſhould be happy, gives me up to tears and complainings. But you will chide me if I continue this ſtrain. Adieu, my dear friend.

In my next, you ſhall have a full account of all that remains for you to know concerning my preſent ſituation. Mean time, pity my impatience, my anxiety; and explain to me the cauſes of this ſad reverſe of fortune, and all that has happened to you in a ſeparation

tion of a few months; and which, alas! is so soon to be followed by one of many years. But I will fly this thought. Adieu!

MARIA HARLEY.

LETTER

LETTER III.

MRS. NEVILLE, TO MISS HARLEY.

WHY does my dear Maria imagine I would chide her for a ſenſibility ſo amiable in her, ſo flattering to me who am the object of it? Am I qualified to recommend apathy to you, who ſhare ſo deeply with you in an affliction that is common to us both; and while my heart is ſtill ſmarting with a wound which never, never can be healed? You knew my mother, Maria; you knew her excellence: judge what my grief muſt be for her loſs. But ſhe is happy! her patient-ſuffering virtue has it's juſt reward.

So little do events depend upon the moſt prudent meaſures, that had ſhe lived to ſee the unproſperous event of a marriage which was her own work; and from which, in her laſt moments, ſhe owed all her conſolation with regard to me; ſhe would

would have been miſerable. Heaven ſpared her this affliction: and, did not ſelf mingle too frequently in our moſt juſtifiable paſſions, I ſhould not now grieve ſo much for her death, as rejoice in her exemption from an evil which ſhe might not perhaps have borne with her uſual fortitude. But you ſhall have my hiſtory from the time of our ſeparation; and an eventful one it is, for the time. I have leiſure enough; and to rehearſe the paſt, when the preſent is unhappy, and the future preſents only a gloomy proſpect, is not ſo irkſome a taſk as to make me decline obeying you.

Scarce were my tears dried up for your ſudden and unexpected departure, when a ſurprizing alteration in the temper and behaviour of my father filled my mother and myſelf with the moſt uneaſy apprehenſions. He became peeviſh, melancholy, ſilent, and reſerved: he ſhunned company, ſtaid much

at

at home, and paſſed the greateſt part of his time ſhut up in his cloſet; and was inacceſſible even to my mother, who certainly was not even then wholly ignorant of the cauſe of this great change in him. A ſtroke of the palſy followed theſe firſt ſymptoms, and compleated our diſtreſs. It was but ſlight, however; and by the great ſkill and care of his phyſicians he was reſtored to ſome degree of health, and able to take a journey to Bath, which they judged neceſſary to his perfect recovery. I never doubted but I ſhould be permitted to attend him thither, as well as my mother; but my father had reſolved otherwiſe. I durſt not diſpute his will: tender and affectionate as he always ſeemed to me, he exacted, and never failed to receive, an implicit obedience to it. Spare me the deſcription of this ſad parting! My father, as he turned from me, ſhed tears, which he endeavoured to hide. I had thrown myſelf into the arms of my governeſs; but, raiſing my head to ſnatch a parting glance as he ſtepped into the coach, at

that

that moment he appeared to me more like a corpſe than my living father: I ſhrieked, and fainted away. My dear mother, who had taken every precaution to make this abſence more ſupportable to me, directed my governeſs to carry me immediately to Richmond, where I was impatiently expected by Mrs. Highmore and her family, with whom I was to reſide till my parents returned from Bath. You know this lady, my dear Maria; you know how greatly ſhe was eſteemed by my mother, whoſe confidence ſhe had acquired by the appearance of an uncommon attachment to her. She had daughters of an age fit to be my companions; and their birth and accompliſhments made them very proper ones.

During our little journey, Mrs. Burton employed every ſoothing art to alleviate my grief: but that image, that death-like image of my father, filled my imagination, and ſwam continually before my ſight.

ſight. I was for a long time inſenſible to all the careſſes of Mrs. Highmore and the young ladies; which were, indeed, carried to exceſs, particularly on the part of Mrs. Highmore and the eldeſt daughter: but I was more touched with the behaviour of Lucy, the youngeſt of theſe ladies, whoſe profeſſions of friendſhip for me had an air of candour and ſweetneſs which won my confidence, and engaged my gratitude.

The firſt letter I received from my mother, gave me ſo favourable an account of my father's health, that my melancholy apprehenſions began to abate; and I was once more able to mix in ſociety, and to ſhare in thoſe amuſements which the family were eager to procure for me. This attention, apparently ſo obliging, would certainly have made an impreſſion upon me, if I had not been diſguſted with the adulation which Mrs. Highmore and her eldeſt daughter were perpetually pouring in my ears. I have heard

heard it ſaid, that it is a mark of grandeur to be hated by thoſe who do not know us, and flattered by thoſe who do: a young woman of fortune has this, in common with royalty, that ſhe ſeldom hears truth. My governeſs would have it, that Mrs. Highmore had ſome deſign upon me; and her ſuſpicions were ſtrengthened by a viſit made her by her ſon, a youth of nineteen, from college, though it was not vacation-time.

The young gentleman had probably received orders to be violently in love with me; for he ſeemed to court opportunities of ſpeaking to me alone, which I believe were often contrived for him: but he was too baſhful to profit by them as was expected; for, after ſome general converſation about the weather, he uſed to withdraw to a window, and whiſtle a tune. His behaviour might have afforded me ſome diverſion, had my mind been more at eaſe: but now every letter from Bath brought me ſtill leſs favourable

able accounts of my father's health. At length, the fatal news of his death arrived; which, notwithſtanding the caution that was uſed, the melancholy looks of my governeſs, and the reſt of the family, announced to me, before the tender Lucy, whoſe ſad taſk it was to prepare me for this ſtroke, could utter a word. 'My father is dead!' cried I, trembling: 'Is it not ſo?' Lucy anſwered me only by her tears. 'Then I 'have ſeen him,' ſaid I, 'for the laſt 'time; and the laſt time I ſaw him, he 'looked as he is now.'

I CONTINUED ſeveral days in a moſt melancholy ſituation; during which time the family took part in my affliction with an appearance of the moſt tender ſympathy: they ſhut themſelves up with me, and neither paid nor received any viſits; each ſolicitous to outdo the other in endeavouring to calm my grief. On a ſudden, this attention ceaſed; they ſaw company as uſual; and their engagements,

gagements, both at home and abroad, took up their time ſo much, that they had ſcarce a few moments to beſtow on me; and I have ſometimes paſſed a whole day without ſeeing them in my apartment. The young man was ſent back to college, without leaving even a compliment for me. A ſtrange alteration now took place in their manner of converſing with me: reſpect and adulation were no more; their kindneſs was diſguſtingly familiar, their pity humiliating, and their civility conſtrained.

All this paſſed unnoticed for ſome time: but when the violence of my grief was in ſome degree abated, my attention was awakened firſt to little neglects and failures in their uſual politeneſs, that led to a fuller obſervation of their behaviour towards me; which I found ſo changed, that they did not ſeem to be the ſame perſons with whom I had converſed ſo long. Perplexed and aſtoniſhed at what I now for the firſt time diſcovered,

diſcovered, I aſked my governeſs the meaning of this ſtrange alteration. 'My 'dear,' ſaid ſhe, 'you now ſee the world 'as it is: and you will probably,' added ſhe, ſighing, 'have but too many op- 'portunities of aſſenting to the truth of 'that maxim, which ſeems to bear hard 'upon human nature; but which is ne- 'vertheleſs but too true, That the gene- 'rality are bad.'—'But, Lucy,' ſaid I, without taking in the full meaning of her words, 'Lucy is ſtill the ſame; ſhe 'is not changed.' At that moment the dear girl entered the room. I flew into her arms; and my heart being greatly oppreſſed, I burſt into tears. She look- ed at Mrs. Benſon ſignificantly, as I af- terwards recollected; and then applied herſelf, with her uſual tender ſolicitude, to conſole me. My governeſs retired upon Mrs. Highmore's coming in: 'Why, my good girl,' ſaid ſhe to me, 'will you never have done grieving?' Struck with the unuſual coarſeneſs of her phraſe, I ſtared at her without mak-

ing any anſwer. 'Come,' purſued ſhe, 'you muſt not ſtay moping in the houſe: 'take an airing in your chariot; you 'may not always have one.' Here Lucy, in great agitation, ſtopped her; crying eagerly—'Mamma!' Mrs. Highmore, as if recollecting herſelf, replied—'You 'are right.—But, Miſs Lumley,' ſaid ſhe to me, 'have you had a letter from your 'mamma? How is ſhe? does ſhe talk 'of returning?'—'Would to Heaven 'I were with her!' ſaid I, paſſionately. 'Ah, poor woman!' ſaid Mrs Highmore, 'ſhe is in trouble enough; ſhe 'is greatly to be pitied.' My tears now flowed afreſh: 'Pray, Madam,' ſaid Lucy, receiving my declining head on her boſom, 'leave me to comfort Miſs 'Lumley: ſhe will be more calm 'when we are alone.'—'Well, I am 'going,' ſaid Mrs. Highmore. 'Pray, 'my good girl, moderate your affliction.—And, Lucy, do you hear? I cannot poſſibly diſpenſe with your dining at table to-day: I have company,

'you

'you know. You will hardly have time 'to dreſs.' She went out of the room at theſe words; and I, with ſome peeviſhneſs, preſſed Miſs Lucy to go and dreſs: but ſhe declared ſhe would not quit me that day, Mrs. Benſon being obliged to go to town to tranſact ſome buſineſs my mother had charged her with.

I HAVE related this little ſcene circumſtantially to you, my dear Maria, that you may have ſome notion of the aſtoniſhment I muſt be in at the alteration of this woman's ſtile and behaviour, who a few weeks before had carried her reſpects and attentions to me even to ſervility. But the myſtery was ſoon to be unravelled.

Two days after this, Mrs. Benſon told me I ſhould ſoon ſee my mother. 'When?' cried I impatiently. 'To-'morrow, perhaps,' ſaid ſhe, ſmiling; 'and, perhaps, to-night.' I roſe from

my chair in a tranſport. 'Ah! ſhe is 'here,' ſaid I; 'let me fly to her!'— 'No, my dear,' ſaid Mrs. Benſon, 'ſhe 'is not here; ſhe would not come here: 'but ſhe is in London. I have a note from 'her, ordering me to bring you to her. 'The chariot is getting ready, and we 'will ſet out in a few minutes.' Lucy came running to me all in tears: I took an affectionate leave of her; and received the parting civilities of Mrs. Highmore and her eldeſt daughter with great coolneſs. Mrs. Highmore charged me to aſſure her good friend, ſo ſhe ſtiled my mother, that it ſhould not be long before ſhe called upon her. As ſupercilious as this ſpeech was, the air that accompanied it was ſtill more ſo. I anſwered only by a ſlight bow; and we drove away.

My thoughts, wholly employed on the expected meeting with my dear mother, a meeting at once ſo wiſhed and dreaded, prevented my taking notice of the extreme

extreme dejection of Mrs. Benſon, who ſcarce ſpoke to me all the way. Nor was I rouzed from my reverie, till I found myſelf in St. James's Square; when the carriage, inſtead of croſſing into Pall Mall, where our houſe was, drove directly to Charles Street, and ſtopped at a ſmall houſe, upon the window of which I obſerved a bill for lodgings. 'Have you any buſineſs here?' ſaid I to my governeſs. 'My dear,' replied ſhe, ſighing, 'we ſhall find your mamma here.'—'My mamma here!' cried I eagerly; and, ſpringing out of the chariot, I flew up ſtairs, upon the top of which I ſaw her coming to meet me.

Her deep mourning, her pale and emaciated countenance, the tranſient gleam of joy which the firſt ſight of me occaſioned, effaced by a flood of tears, affected me with ſuch poignant anguiſh, that I ſunk down at her feet; and, claſping her knees, remained there ſpeechleſs and drowned in tears. Mrs. Benſon

raiſed me, and led us both into the room. My dear mother continued gazing on me for ſome time in ſilent ſorrow; while I wept, and kiſſed the hand with which ſhe affectionately preſſed mine. 'My dear child,' ſaid ſhe, recovering herſelf, 'you have, no doubt, 'paid your juſt tribute of tears to the me-'mory of your father. The time calls 'upon us for fortitude. You have, alas! 'many evils to ſtruggle againſt. Poverty 'is a more dreadful monſter than any 'Hercules overcame: and, to bear it with 'patience, to preſerve our integrity, 'our independence of mind; in a word, 'to fall with dignity; is to be a greater 'hero than he was.'

At the word Poverty I ſtarted, and gazed on my mother eagerly. 'Yes, 'my dear,' purſued ſhe, 'we are no 'longer rich; you are no longer an 'heireſs to a great fortune. From the 'ſmall proviſion your father made for me 'on our marriage, before he ſucceeded to

'his

'his uncle's great riches, and which will 'ceaſe at my death, we muſt for the fu- 'ture draw our ſubſiſtence. Mr. Lum- 'ley died inſolvent. Houſes, plate, 'jewels, furniture, all are ſeized by the 'creditors! This ſmall apartment in 'which you now ſee me, is my habitation; 'and even this I muſt ſoon exchange for 'one leſs expenſive, and more ſuitable to 'my circumſtances: for it muſt be my 'part now to live in ſuch a manner that 'my dear child may not be wholly deſti- 'tute at my death. Something, I hope, I 'ſhall be able, by the ſtricteſt parſimony, 'to leave behind me, to put off the bad 'day of beggary!' My mother could not reſtrain her tears at this word. She roſe up, and ſaid ſhe would retire to her bed-chamber for a few moments, and endeavour to compoſe herſelf.

When ſhe was gone, I gave free vent to thoſe emotions which reſpect and tenderneſs for her had hitherto reſtrained. Mrs. Benſon endeavoured to com-

fort me. 'Tell me,' ſaid I, 'if you 'know; tell me by what means this 'ruin was brought about?'—'Your fa-'ther,' replied ſhe, 'would have been 'a happy man, if he had continued in 'that eaſy mediocrity which once bound-'ed his wiſhes: but no ſooner was he be-'come poſſeſſed of the great riches your 'uncle had acquired in the Indies, than 'he plunged deep into all the faſhion-'able exceſſes of the age.' The word All ſhe pronounced with a deep emphaſis, and a meaning look that went to my heart. 'His ſeat in parliament,' continued ſhe, 'coſt him an immenſe 'ſum. He played high, and always 'with ill ſucceſs. In a word, he was 'ruined, my dear, before the continued 'diſſipation in which he lived gave him 'leiſure to look into his affairs. Re-'flection, which came too late to pre-'vent the wreck of his fortune, now 'produced a remorſe that preyed upon 'his mind, and brought on thoſe diſ-'orders which put a period to his life.'

My mother's entrance obliged me to reſtrain thoſe emotions which Mrs. Benſon's diſcourſe had excited: I dried my tears; I endeavoured to conſole my mother by every ſoothing power I poſſeſſed. Her piety and good ſenſe had already brought her to a ſtate of perfect reſignation in every thing that reſpected herſelf; it was for me only that ſhe felt: and it was to relieve her from that tender anxiety which preyed upon her ſpirits, and deſtroyed her health, that I made a ſacrifice which I cannot repent of; though, alas! it proved fruitleſs. But here let me break off for the preſent: I will continue my narrative ſome other time. This free communication of my misfortunes to a dear and ſympathizing friend, ſeems to leſſen their force.

'The grief that muſt not ſpeak,
'Whiſpers the o'ercharg'd heart, and bids it break;'

ſays my favourite poet. I will go on, then, and ſpeak to you.—But, my Maria,

remember, you muſt give me the remainder of your little hiſtory as ſoon as poſſible; you will eaſily imagine how much I am intereſted in it. Adieu, my dear friend.

EUPHEMIA NEVILLE.

LETTER

LETTER IV.

MISS HARLEY, TO MRS. NEVILLE.

MY DEAR EUPHEMIA,

I Have almoſt effaced every word of your tender and affecting narrative with my tears. Alas! my ſweet friend, what have you not ſuffered! Why was I not with you during theſe hard trials? Why did you conceal your ſituation from me? I never received but two letters from you while I was in France. In the laſt there were ſome obſcure hints, which greatly perplexed me, and which you have now but too well explained. My uncle expreſſes great tenderneſs and concern for you; and ſpeaks of your mother in terms of the higheſt admiration. He ſays, he was intimate enough with Mr. Lumley, to uſe the liberty of remonſtrating againſt ſome of thoſe errors in his conduct which have been

the ſource of his misfortunes: 'But,' added he very ſententiouſly, 'there is 'a wide diſtance between being ſimply 'perſuaded that a thing is wrong, to 'the being ſufficiently ſo as to make us 'fall to action, when we muſt act con-'trary to our inclinations. Mr. Lum-'ley acknowledged there was reaſon in 'what I ſaid; but did not alter his con-'duct.'—'How much eaſier,' thought I, 'it is to be wiſer for others than 'ourſelves!' Had your father repreſented to Sir John the imprudence of marrying, at his years, a gay young girl, he might have made the ſame obſervation: but this truth he was ſoon convinced of by his own experience.

I HAD been near a year in France, when I received a letter from my uncle, very different from any of his former ones; for it was extremely affectionate. He expreſſed great uneaſineſs at my long abſence, and much impatience for my return. This letter was accompanied with

with a large order upon his banker at Paris, whither we were now going, and permiſſion to ſtay there a month: after which, he ſaid, he would expect me; and, if his health permitted, Lady Harley and he would meet me at ———. He ſaid not a word of thoſe cauſes of uneaſineſs which he had given me, (for when do men own they are in the wrong?) but concluded with profeſſions of the tendereſt attachment to me. You will eaſily conceive that, after the receipt of this letter, I paſſed my time very pleaſantly at Paris; when, a few days before our intended departure, I received another letter from my uncle: it contained but a few lines; and thoſe ſurprized me with an account of the death of Lady Harley. As I have not naturally a hard heart, nor an unforgiving temper, the death of this lady gave me a real concern, particularly on my uncle's account, who, I ſuppoſed, would be greatly afflicted. Mrs. Irwin agreed, that this news ought to haſten our

journey,

journey, and accordingly we ſet out immediately upon our return.

My uncle was ſurprized when he heard of my arrival ſo much ſooner than he expected; and, I could perceive, was pleaſed at my readineſs to oblige him. He received me very kindly; and, as I did not obſerve any ſigns of immoderate grief in his countenance, my compliments of condolence were but ſhort. He mentioned my aunt only once, and employed but a few words on the ſubject. 'Her illneſs,' ſaid he, 'was ſudden, and reached 'it's height before ſhe was thought to be 'in any danger. The faculty complained of her obſtinacy in refuſing to be 'bled, and attributed her death to the 'want of that remedy.' When my uncle took leave of me for the night, he ſaid— 'I will ſend Martin to you as ſoon as I am 'in bed; he will inform you of ſome circumſtances that have happened during 'your abſence.' I believe you have ſeen this

this man: an old confidential ſervant, who had lived with him many years; and who, by his zeal and attachment, merited the great regard he expreſſed for him.

My curioſity was ſtrongly excited, as well by my uncle's behaviour as by theſe words, which ſeemed to indicate that ſomething extraordinary had really happened. As ſoon as the good old man appeared, he congratulated me on my return with tears; and aſſured me the tenants and ſervants had conſtantly prayed for it. 'And they did not ſcruple,' purſued he, 'to tell my lady herſelf how 'much they all longed to ſee you: and 'this ſeemed to diſpleaſe her, for my 'lady was cunning by halves only; and 'although ſhe perſuaded my maſter that 'ſhe was grieved for your abſence, ſhe 'did not take the ſame pains to deceive 'us.'

'She has certainly,' ſaid I, 'been 'leſs guarded on ſome occaſion or other 'than

'than uſual, for my uncle is greatly al-
'tered with reſpect to her; he appears
'not to regret her death, and ſpeaks of
'her with little affection.'

'Ah, Madam!' ſaid Mr. Martin, 'there is good reaſon for that. I have a 'curious hiſtory to relate to you, if you 'can have the patience to hear it: my 'maſter ordered me to tell you every 'circumſtance.'—'Pray ſit down,' ſaid I, 'and let me have it all.' He did ſo: and here is what he told me, and in his own words.

'You may remember, Madam,' ſaid he, 'how childiſhly fond my lady af-'fected to be of her huſband; it was 'much worſe after you was gone. She 'was continually taking his hand, ſtrok-'ing his cheek, and would often kiſs 'him before the ſervants. I was ſorry 'to ſee my good maſter ſo played upon; 'and, if I durſt, I would have told him 'that all was not gold that gliſters.

'Mr.

'Mr. Greville, who, you know, Ma-
'dam, is a very facetious old gentle-
'man, and has a power of wit, uſed to
'joke with my maſter about his young
'wife's prodigious fondneſs for him; and
'would often ſay very *home* things,
'which my maſter would ſometimes take
'very well, and ſometimes anſwer pee-
'viſhly to; but they had been great friends
'from their youth, ſo that it was not a
'little matter would part them. Now
'it happened that my maſter was taken
'with another fit of the gout, and griev-
'ous bad he was, ſo that the doctors were
'afraid that it was getting up into his
'ſtomach; and then, you know, Ma-
'dam, all would have been over with
'him. My lady ſat by his bed-ſide al-
'moſt continually, ſighing moſt piteouſ-
'ly, and ſhedding rivers of tears while
'ſhe was with him: but her maid uſed
'to ſay that, when ſhe was in her own
'apartment, ſhe had no need of an
'handkerchief to dry her eyes. Well,
'Madam, my poor maſter grew worſe

'and

'and worſe; and my lady, to be ſure, more
'and more ſorrowful. And now my
'maſter reſolved to alter his will: you
'may gueſs, Madam, who put that into
'his head. I was ordered to ride to
'town, and fetch Lawyer Graſp, and
'ſome more gentlemen of that *per-*
'*ſuaſion*. I perceived what was go-
'ing forward: and, to be ſure, Ma-
'dam, I thought a new will, under my
'lady's direction, would not be favour-
'able to you, and that it was fit ſome
'friend of yours ſhould be preſent; and
'no one was more proper than Mr. Gre-
'ville, who loves you ſo dearly, and was,
'beſides, my maſter's moſt dear friend.
'So I ventured to ſay to my maſter—
"Does not your honour pleaſe that I
"ſhould ſend or go for Mr. Greville
"upon this occaſion?" My lady look-
'ed as if ſhe could have eat me; and
'my maſter ſaid weakly—"Mr. Gre-
"ville is at his ſeat in ————, that
"is more than ſeventy miles diſtant: it
"will be too much trouble for him to
"come

" come on ſuch ſhort notice."—" Sir,"
' ſaid I, " I am ſure he will not think
" ſo." My maſter ſeemed to pauſe
' upon it; when my lady, loſing her tem-
' per quite, called me an officious fool;
' and, burſting into tears, ſaid—" Do
" you want to perſuade your maſter that
" he is dying.—My dear Sir John, the
" phyſicians aſſure me you are better.
" Mr. Greville will be here in a week
" or two. Do not let this blockhead
" put ſuch ſad thoughts into your head!"
' She ſobbed violently while ſhe was
' ſpeaking, holding my maſter's hand
' to her lips all the time. My maſter
' then ſaid—" Let him go for the law-
" yers, however." Upon which my
' lady, looking very ſpitefully at me,
' ſaid—" Do as you are ordered!" and
' I left the room immediately, with my
' heart full, as well for my dear maſter's
' danger, as for the injuſtice you were
' likely to ſuffer, my dear young lady.'

I INTERRUPTED the honeſt man here, to thank him for the affection he had ſhewn for me at a time when ſelfiſh policy would have pointed out a different conduct; and, I do aſſure you, I thanked him with an effuſion of heart equal to his own. But I muſt break off here; I am ſummoned to dinner. My uncle has been riding this morning, which has given me leiſure to ſcribble ſo much: he has brought Mr. Greville home to dinner. You cannot imagine how greatly I am obliged to this gentleman; but you ſhall know all in my next. My dear Euphemia, adieu!

MARIA HARLEY.

THE poſt not being yet gone out, I have time to add a few lines. Something that fell from Mr. Greville, relating to you, has alarmed me greatly. I fear, I fear, my ſweet friend, you are not likely to be as happy in the married ſtate as you deſerve to be. Your huſband, forgive my

my freedom, is thought to be ill-tempered; you are all ſweetneſs, patience, and condeſcenſion: I foreſee from this contraſt, continual encroachments on one ſide; continual recedings on the other. You are one of thoſe few perſons who never conteſt what they think they cannot obtain. What a dangerous power will ſuch a diſpoſition throw into the hands of one who is diſpoſed to uſe it tyrannically! Mr. Greville knows your huſband; and this is what he ſaid upon my telling my uncle, in anſwer to his enquiry how I had been amuſing myſelf all the morning, that I had been writing to you. 'Poor Miſs Lumley!' ſaid he; 'ſhe is 'married to Mr. Neville, then! There 'is nothing—a friend of mine ſaid of himſelf, and may be applied to her—'that could perſuade a believer in 'modern miracles to confeſs that any 'thing is impoſſible to be done, but 'her ill fortune, which is unchange-'able.'—'I hope not,' ſaid my uncle. 'There is no more room for hope,' replied

Mr.

Mr. Greville: 'she is married to the 'worst-tempered man in the world; and 'that has crowned all her misfortunes.'

You may judge, my dear Euphemia, how I was affected by this discourse: I asked a thousand questions about Mr. Neville; and every answer I received served to convince me that his temper will make you very miserable. Good Heaven! and is it with this man that you are to cross the Atlantic! This the protector, the friend, the companion, with whom you are to traverse an immense ocean, and live in unknown regions, far from your country and all you love! Surely you can never consent to it; he cannot be so unreasonable as to desire it. If his duty calls him hence, his tenderness for you ought to make him dispense with your accompanying him. You must stay with me, my dear Euphemia; my fortune is yours: my uncle will be a father to us both; he offers you his house

for

for a retreat, and me for your companion till your husband returns.

I HAVE not time to add more. Pray think on what I have proposed, and the necessity there is for complying with it. Once more adieu, my dear friend!

LETTER

LETTER V.

MISS HARLEY, TO MRS. NEVILLE.

IN CONTINUATION.

MY uncle is gone to ſpend a day or two with Mr. Greville; ſo I ſhall have full leiſure for my pen, which is never ſo pleaſingly employed as when I am writing to my dear Euphemia. Well, Martin went on with his ſtory, which I ſhall continue to give you in his own words. 'Finding I was not permitted 'to ſend for Mr. Greville in my maſter's 'name, I reſolved, however, to write to 'him, and let him know what was go-'ing on; and this I did before I ſet out 'for the lawyer's, and put my letter my-'ſelf into the poſt. I was ſorry to find 'Mr. Graſp at home; ſo there could be 'no delay on that ſide. He told me he 'would call upon Counſellor Worden 'in his way, and bring him with him.

'With

'With this anſwer I returned. My lady 'ſeemed not at all ſatisfied with the haſte 'I had made, and her woman told me ſhe 'ſhewed great impatience, and was very 'reſtleſs and uneaſy all the time I was 'gone.

'WELL, Madam, the lawyers came at 'laſt; they were ſhut up with my maſter 'ſeveral hours, and my lady went back-'wards and forwards continually. At laſt 'the chaplain and I were called up to wit-'neſs this fine will: the chaplain ſet his 'name, but, as Fortune would have it, I had 'cut my right thumb ſo deſperately about 'an hour before, that I could not hold 'my pen, ſo I was excuſed, and Coun-'ſellor Worden's clerk ſigned inſtead of 'me; and right glad was I that I had 'eſcaped this odious office.

'MY lady looked marvellouſly pleaſed 'when this affair was over; that is, when 'ſhe was not in my maſter's chamber, for 'there her countenance was like Decem-

'ber, all cold and ſurly, but all ſunſhine 'every where elſe.

'As I waited on the lawyers to their 'carriage, I heard Counſellor Worden ſay 'to the attorney, "Sir John's next heir "will not thank him for burthening his "eſtate with ſuch an enormous jointure "for ſo young a life as Lady Harley's." "And Miſs Harley," ſaid the attorney, "has no reaſon to be pleaſed with the "ſmall proviſion that is made for her." 'They ſhook their wiſe heads at each 'other, and ſmiled, as much as to ſay, "Somebody has played her cards well." '—Heaven forgive me, but I could not 'help hating them a little for the part 'they had in making this will: though to 'be ſure they were no ways to blame, 'you know, Madam.'

"No, certainly," ſaid I, "but I long to "hear of my uncle's recovery; methinks "you leave him too long on this ſick "bed, Mr. Martin."

'WHY

'WHY, Madam,' replied the honeſt man, 'he grew better and better every 'day after this, and was ſoon able to 'leave his bed, and when Mr. Gre-'ville came he found him walking about 'his chamber. I had juſt time to tell 'Mr. Greville all I knew of the matter, 'and he was ſorely grieved at it, and 'lamented his not getting my letter 'ſooner. My lady complained much 'of what ſhe had ſuffered during my 'maſter's illneſs. "And yet you never "looked better in your life, Madam," 'ſaid he, dryly; "if grief is ſuch a friend "to your complexion, what will joy be? "Why, your ladyſhip looks like May; "but I am ſorry," ſaid he, turning to 'my maſter, "to ſee my good friend "here look ſo much like January."

'THERE was ſome joke in this, I found; 'for Mr. Greville looked archly at my 'maſter, who bluſhed; and my lady 'ſeemed half pleaſed and half angry. My 'lady's woman went tittering out of the

'room, and I followed, curious to know 'what ſhe laughed at. "Oh, Mr. Martin," 'ſaid ſhe, "if you had read as many "books as I have, you would know "what that comical gentleman *luded* "to. Why, there is a tale in rhyme "about January, an old knight, who mar- "ried a young lady called May, and ſhe "made a fool of him; and Mr. Greville as "good as called my maſter and lady Ja- "nuary and May—there was the jeſt, "Mr. Martin."

I WAS afraid the old man might have ſported with this idea too far, ſo I thought fit to look very grave; upon which he recollected himſelf, and went on.

'MR. Greville ſtaid ſeveral days at the 'Hall, and during that time I believe he 'talked in a pretty home manner to my 'maſter; for I obſerved, that, whenever 'they had had ſome private converſa- 'tion, my maſter would be in a muſing 'mood a long time afterwards. My

'lady

'lady on theſe occaſions always redou-
'bled her fondneſs; and Mr. Greville
'uſed to cut his jokes without mercy;
'At length he went away; and now my
'lady, having my maſter all to herſelf,
'played all her old tricks over, but not
'with the ſame ſucceſs as formerly; for
'my maſter, though he recovered his
'health, did not appear half ſo well
'pleaſed as uſual; and uſed to be often
'talking of you, Madam, and wiſhing
'for your return: and at laſt he ſaid
'he would write to you, and inſiſt
'upon your coming home immediately.
'My lady was confounded, and brought
'a great many bad reaſons, as my maſ-
'ter told her, to put him off this de-
'ſign: and finding ſhe could not prevail
'that way, ſhe fairly told him, that
'your temper was ſo bad, it was impoſ-
'ſible to live with you; and hereupon
'ſhe cried bitterly.

'My maſter was not moved, as ſhe
'expected, but ſeemed a little angry,

'and defended you, Madam, very cor-
'dially, and in concluſion wrote to you,
'and gave me the letter before her face
'to get it properly conveyed to you,
'and glad was I of the office, you may
'be ſure. After this his Honour was
'continually ſpeaking of you, and al-
'ways in your praiſe; ſo that my lady
'was ſufficiently mortified.'

I HAVE often obſerved, my dear Euphemia, let a calumniator be ever ſo artful, all that which does not directly hurt the perſons abuſed, turns to their advantage. This charge of bad tempers appeared to my uncle ſo ill-founded, that it led him to weigh thoroughly many other faults ſhe had accuſed me of, and to compare my behaviour with the picture ſhe uſed to draw of my diſpoſition; and the reſult of this candid inveſtigation was ſo favourable for me, that upon my return I had reaſon to believe I ſtood higher in his opinion than

than ever, as the ſequel of my little Hiſtory will ſhew you.

But here I will conclude for the preſent; a Letter from you is this moment brought me; does it or does it not bring an anſwer favourable to my wiſhes? —I break the ſeal with eagerneſs.—Ah, my dear Euphemia, your firſt words deſtroy all my hopes. Adieu.

Maria Harley.

LETTER VI.

MRS. NEVILLE, TO MISS HARLEY.

MY DEAR MARIA,

DESTINED to live under the control of another, I find obedience to be a very neceſſary virtue, and in my caſe it is an indiſpenſable duty. I am a wife; I know to what that ſacred tie obliges me: I am determined, by Heaven's aſſiſtance, to fulfil the duties of my ſtation. My lot is caſt perhaps for miſery here; the future will be like the paſt: ſo my foreboding heart ſuggeſts. I have drawn a blank in the great lottery of life, but there is a ſtate beyond this, in which my hopes aſpire to a prize: to that all my wiſhes, all my endeavours tend. Philoſophy may teach us to bear the paſt and future evils; but it is the Chriſtian only that can endure the preſent with fortitude. Oh, my dear Maria,

what

what could have ſupported me under my affliction for the death of my mother, but that active faith which made reſignation to the will of Heaven at once my duty and my reward? —I perceive all the hardſhips of my ſituation, but I cannot avoid them without a crime; it is my duty to follow my huſband; and what in other circumſtances I ſhould certainly have done from inclination, I do now from better motives—from a ſenſe of thoſe ſacred obligations which the ſtate I have entered into lays upon me; and which, whatever mortifications I may meet with in the diſcharge of them, are ſtill indiſpenſable.

But how ſhall I thank you, my dear friend, for your kind and generous offers? how ſhall I make you ſenſible of the gratitude that fills, that more than fills, that oppreſſes my heart, for this proof of your friendſhip? Words here are weak, and deeds, alas! are not in my power, for I am poor in every thing

but in will. Do not, however, imagine my leaving this country ſuch a misfortune; except you, I have nothing to regret, for the unfortunate have few friends; here every object reminds me of my former ſtate, and makes the preſent more ſenſibly felt. Every place where I have ſeen my mother, renews my grief for her loſs. Change of ſcene, new objects, and different cares, may perhaps weaken this ſad idea, and reſtore me ſome degree of tranquillity. Let this conſideration reconcile you to my departure; and though ſeparated, we will not be wholly abſent—our minds ſhall meet in converſe—a conſtant intercourſe of letters ſhall bring us within view of each other—ſhall communicate our joys and ſorrows, our hopes and fears, and all the little, as well as conſiderable, events of our lives.

I WILL make it a rule to retire every day to my cloſet, for an hour at leaſt, to talk to you; and every ſhip that ſails

for England ſhall bring a packet from your Euphemia, which ſhall leave you ignorant of nothing that concerns her. Tell me, Maria, how you like this ſcheme, and whether you can reſolve to be as punctual in the performance of your part of it, as I propoſe to be of mine: meantime I will continue to give you a relation of ſuch of my affairs as you are yet ignorant of, but not in this letter, which I diſpatch immediately, to bear my warmeſt acknowledgments for your moſt generous offers, to acquaint you with my reaſons for declining them, and to ſhare with you that comfort I derive from the plan I communicate. Preſent my beſt reſpects, and grateful thanks, to your good uncle, for his kind propoſals; and do not let me wait long for the reſt of your Hiſtory. My curioſity is wound up to a very high pitch by what you have already related; and I am charmed with the honeſt zeal and affecting ſimplicity of your humble friend. I wait impatiently for the re-

mainder of his narration:—my griefs are all ſuſpended while I read your letters; and is not this a ſufficient motive to make you haſten them to me? Farewel, my dear and moſt valuable friend.

EUPHEMIA NEVILLE.

LETTER

LETTER VII.

MISS HARLEY TO MRS. NEVILLE.

MY DEAR EUPHEMIA,

NOTHING can be offered in oppoſition to the arguments you uſe in ſupport of your reſolution to leave England with your huſband. My heart murmurs, it is true; but my reaſon approves—Approves, did I ſay?--I admire, I love, I almoſt adore you, my excellent friend!—Blame not the warmth of my expreſſions. Muſt we not revere virtue, unleſs it be conſecrated by antiquity? What were the merits of an Arria, or a Portia, to your's?—Love produced in them thoſe great actions, for which they are ſo famous. Religion and duty are the nobler motives which influence your's. To die for the man one loves is not an act of ſuch heroiſm, as to chuſe miſery with the man one has no reaſon to

to love, becauſe we conſider it to be our duty to do ſo.

It is the fate of the beſt things to be either wholly neglected, or at moſt but little known. Such is this noble conduct of your's; for few will know it, and fewer ſtill admire it. I, who am the greateſt loſer by it, am yet capable of admiring it, and this is a merit you muſt permit me to be vain of, ſince it coſts me ſo dear.

But it is time to introduce Mr. Martin again. You tell me your griefs are ſuſpended while you read my Letters; and this is ſufficient to make me devote the greateſt part of my time to writing, were I at liberty to follow my inclinations. But I have no will of my own, my dear Euphemia; I am a ſlave to that of another. Reconcile this, if you can, with what I told you of the happy change in my fortune: or, if you cannot, wait patiently for my explanation, which

which will come in due time. But now hear Mr. Martin, who went on in this manner:

'THE doctors, Madam, finding my 'maſter in ſo fine a way of recovery, 'told him, that change of air would ſet 'him quite up again; and ſo he accept-'ed Mr. Greville's invitation to paſs a 'week or two at his ſeat. Mr. Greville 'being a ſingle man, my lady 'thought ſhe ſhould be troubleſome to 'him; ſo ſhe ſtayed behind at the Hall: 'but ſhe wept over my maſter when he 'took leave of her, as if they were never 'to meet again. However, ſhe quickly 'recovered her ſpirits, and paſſed her 'time very merrily with Lady Flareit, 'and ſome other gay ladies in the neigh-'bourhood. There was nothing but 'airings and viſiting, and dining and 'ſupping; and Colonel Flareit, Lady 'Flareit's kinſman, always made one; 'and he was ſo very obſequious to my 'lady, that her woman ſaid, if my maſ-

'ter

'ter ſhould happen to die, it would cer-
'tainly be a match; but my lady was
'wiſer, I believe, than that comes to;
'for Colonel Flareit, you know, Madam,
'has no eſtate.

'WELL, Madam, in the midſt of all
'this jollity, news came, that my maſter,
'being out a hunting, had fallen from
'his horſe, and was taken up dead. The
'whole family was in tears and lamenta-
'tion, but my lady was more com-
'poſed, becauſe ſhe did not believe the
'report; "for if it was true," ſhe ſaid,
"ſhe ſhould have notice of it by a meſ-
"ſenger ſent expreſs by Mr. Greville."
'This ſeemed likely; but, for all that, I
'was impatient to ſet out for Greville
'Park, to know the truth: but it being
very late in the evening when the news
'came, my lady ordered me not to ſtir
'till the next morning, when I might
'ſet out as ſoon as I pleaſed. And now
'ſhe thought fit to make a ſhow of ſor-
'row, and ſhed a few tears before her
woman

'woman and I. But, for all that, we 'thought we could perceive that ſhe 'would not be ſorry to be a rich young 'widow.

'WELL, Madam, I paſſed an anxious 'night, Heaven knows! and the moment 'it was light I mounted and rode away.

'BEING ſtill weak with my diſtemper, 'I could not make as much haſte as my 'impatience required; and at the very 'ſecond ſtage I ſaw Mr. Greville's poſt-'chaiſe, and himſelf in it, drive into the 'inn-yard. I was now ſeized with ſuch 'a fit of trembling, that I could neither 'ſit my horſe nor alight, ſo one of the 'hoſtlers helped me, and I followed Mr. 'Greville to a room where he was ſit-'ting.—"Oh, Sir! my maſter, my maſ-"ter!" was all I could bring out. 'His very looks, however, relieved me 'inſtantly, as well as his words.'

"WHAT

"WHAT does the ſimpleton mean," ſaid he, "by trembling and looking "ſo pale? What, you have heard of "the accident then?—Well, your maſ- "ter has got off for only a few ſlight "bruiſes."—"Heaven be praiſed," ſaid I, "for this good news! but we heard "that he had broke his neck, and all us at "the Hall are in the deepeſt affliction." "How!" ſaid Mr. Greville, "Does "your lady believe Sir John is dead?" "Not abſolutely, Sir," replied I; "ſhe "ſaid, if it was true, a meſſenger would "be ſent expreſs to inform her, and no "one had come yet."—"A wiſe woman," ſaid Mr. Greville; "ſhe was in the right "not to be laviſh of her tears upon an "uncertainty: but, Martin," purſued he, after thinking a little, "I have a "mind to know how ſhe will take "his death, when ſhe believes it to be "certain. Sir John, poor man, believing "his confinement is likely to be long, "though that is by no means the caſe, was

"deſirous

"desirous of his lady's company, so I "could do no less than offer my service "to conduct her to him, and that was "the sole motive of my journey: but "now I am resolved to have a little di-"version from it. Can you keep a se-"cret, Martin?"—"I believe I can, "Sir," said I; "my master has trusted "me with many."—"Ah, I do not "doubt it," said Mr. Greville, shaking 'his head: "Well, then, my design is, "to tell your lady that the report of Sir "John's death was but too true."—"Oh, Sir," cried I, "you know how fond "my lady is of her husband; this trial "will be very hard upon her."—"You "are a rogue," said he, smiling, "I see "that; but you will be secret."—"But "Sir," said I, "your servants will be-"tray the matter."—"Never fear that," 'said he; "I will give them their in-"structions; so send them up to me." 'I did so; and after Mr. Greville had 'tutored them properly, we all set out 'for the Hall.

'Mr.

'MR. Greville, in conſideration of 'my late illneſs, had the goodneſs to 'take me into the chaiſe with him, and 'all the way he diverted himſelf with the 'ſcheme he had formed, and with telling 'me what to ſay, and how to behave.

'WELL, Madam, we had ſcarce entered 'the avenue, when, Mr. Greville's car-'riage and ſervants being perceived by 'one of our men, the whole family was 'in motion, and came crowding round 'us. "Is the ſad news true?" cried ſe-'veral voices at once. Mr. Greville's 'ſervants ſhook their heads in a melan-'choly way. "Alas! then it is too true," 'they all repeated, and ran back in 'great diſorder into the houſe, which 'they filled with their lamentations. 'Mr. Greville, alighting, ſaid in a ſo-'lemn tone, "If Lady Harley is at lei-"ſure, let her be informed I am come." 'He followed the butler, who, with eyes 'full of tears, ſhewed him into my maſ-'ter's library, and withdrew to acquaint 'my lady.

'IT

'IT was with difficulty I could break 'from the ſervants, who hung upon me, 'lamenting, and inquiring—but I was 'curious to ſee how my lady would re-'ceive Mr. Greville; ſo I haſtened af-'ter him.

'HE was ſeated, and had taken a book; "for," ſaid he to me, "I cannot expect "to have an audience ſo ſoon: the lady "will take time to ſettle the face ſhe "is to wear upon this trying occaſion:" 'and to be ſure, Madam, my lady was a 'full hour before ſhe ſent to deſire Mr. 'Greville would be pleaſed to come to 'her in her dreſſing-room.

'MR. Greville obeyed immediately, 'but with a ſlow ſtep, and ſolemn air. 'I attended him; but I believe I did 'not act my part ſo well as his Honour; 'for my fellow-ſervants have ſince told 'me, that they thought my grief was not 'very violent. We found my lady half-

'lying

'lying on a ſettee, with a handkerchief 'at her eyes, ſo that ſhe did not perceive 'our entrance. Her woman was ſtand-'ing cloſe by her with a ſmelling bottle, 'which ſhe offered her, and at the ſame 'time told her, Mr. Greville was 'there. My lady then, drawing aſide 'her handkerchief, juſt looked up, and 'crying, "Ah, Mr. Greville!" clapped 'it cloſe to her eyes again, and conti-'nued ſilent.

"I CANNOT blame you, Madam; I "cannot blame you," ſaid Mr. Gre-'ville; "your grief is great, and ſo is "your cauſe for grief:—you have loſt a "good huſband, but that is not all;— "you have loſt ——" At that word my 'lady ſtarted, let fall her handkerchief, 'and fixed her eyes upon Mr. Greville, 'impatiently expecting him to proceed, 'for here the poor gentleman was ſeized 'with a violent cough, which held him 'for two or three minutes.

'ALL

'ALL that time I obſerved my lady 'heedfully: her colour went and came '—ſhe ſeemed hardly able to draw her 'breath, ſtill keeping her fixed looks 'upon Mr. Greville, who, recovering, 'went on:—"Yes, Madam, as I was "ſaying, you have loſt beſide a good "huſband"—My lady ſeemed now 'ready to die with impatience, for Mr. 'Greville pauſed, as if fearful of his 'cough returning; then ſlowly added, "You have loſt a friend, a protector, "an amiable companion;—Sir John was "all this to you, Madam; and how "dear you were to him, you will (if you "do not know it already) ſoon know."

'MY lady was again at leiſure for her 'tears: ſhe reſumed her handkerchief, 'and Mr. Greville his fine ſpeeches, 'which laſted till I was deſired to let 'my lady know that dinner was ſerved. 'Mr. Greville then offered his hand to 'lead her down, but ſhe declined it, 'ſaying, ſhe muſt entreat him to diſ-

'penſe

'penſe with her attending him at table,
'ſince her melancholy ſituation would
'plead her excuſe. Mr. Greville al-
'lowed it; and only beſeeching her to
'moderate her ſorrow, if poſſible, bow-
'ed, and quitted the room.

'I THEN advanced, and aſked if her
'ladyſhip had any commands for me?
'She anſwered haughtily, "No!" and
'I followed Mr. Greville, who, ſeeing
'me enter the dining-parlour, ſaid to the
'other ſervants, "You need not wait,
"my lads, my old friend here will be
"ſufficient to attend me:" accordingly
'they left the room.

'MR. Greville made a ſign to me to
'faſten the door, which I did; "And
"now," ſaid he, "let me have my laugh
"out, for I am almoſt ſtrangled."

'WHAT diverted Mr. Greville moſt,
'Madam, was, that he had thrown my
'lady quite off her guard when he
'made

'made her apprehend a greater loſs than
'that of her huſband; for to be ſure,
'Madam, my lady was quite in earneſt
'then, and looked frighted out of her
'wits; for ſhe ſuppoſed, as Mr. Greville
'intended ſhe ſhould, that my maſter
'had made ſome alteration in his will
'before the accident happened.'

But here I muſt drop Mr. Martin and his narration for the preſent, for I have only time to make up my letter, which you muſt acknowledge is of a tolerable length; therefore adieu my dear Euphemia. Alas, the moment is approaching when I muſt bid you adieu for a long, an indefinite time. This is a ſad thought; but ſince I have well conſidered your admirable reaſons for a reſolution ſo contrary to my hopes and wiſhes, I perceive a ſort of calm acquieſcence ſteal upon my mind, which gathers ſtrength every moment. Yet you muſt not on this account imagine I love you leſs; I endeavour to imitate

your fortitude, and to make myſelf worthy of your eſteem.

MARIA HARLEY.

WHY have I not a letter from you? Muſt I charge you with breach of promiſe in not ſending me the remainder of your affecting ſtory?

LETTER

LETTER VIII.

MRS. NEVILLE TO MISS HARLEY.

NO, my dear Maria, I do not think you love me leſs than you did, but that you love me more wiſely. But were it poſſible for me to ſuſpect the ſincerity of your affection, it would be from the extravagant eulogium you beſtow on me, for what in my opinion is but an ordinary effect of duty and obedience.

SURELY then you mean to excite me to virtue by a new ſubtilty, and the praiſes you give me are but diſguiſed exhortations. Take notice, this is the conſtruction I ſhall put upon all ſuch language from you; and if you would not be thought rather to dictate than to commend, avoid it for the future.

But to ſhew you that I am as little diſpoſed to ſubmit to unjuſt cenſure as to undeſerved praiſe, I will not receive patiently your charge of being a promiſe-breaker. Every thing that is promiſed and not done, is not a violation of faith or breaking of promiſe, ſince accident has ſo much to do in the ordering of ſmall events. The large packet that will ſoon follow this letter will convince you that I have been employed in obeying your commands; and I have given you my Hiſtory, as you call it, down to the preſent moment, without interruption, that you may no longer be ignorant of the cauſes and motives of the moſt important tranſaction of my life, and from which that life muſt hereafter take all its colour.

I have been very much entertained with your friend Martin's relation, and like his manner extremely well, which your memory has ſo faithfully preſerved; but I am not quite pleaſed with the method

thod Mr. Greville hit upon to realiſe his doubts of Lady Harley's ſincerity. He laid himſelf under the neceſſity of telling a direct falſehood, and of ſupporting that falſehood by many little artifices, not eaſily practiſed by an ingenuous mind. But your men of wit and ridicule have a very relaxed moral on certain occaſions. A man of plain good ſenſe ſtarts at theſe humorous violations of truth, and thinks his reputation would be ruined for ever by ſuch bold flights.

But I ought to remember that it is my dear Maria's friend whoſe conduct I am cenſuring, and that it was for her ſervice chiefly he deviſed this ſtratagem: therefore, though I cannot abſolve, yet I am willing to pardon; for I confeſs my integrity is ſcarcely proof againſt ſo high a bribe. My dear friend, adieu.

EUPHEMIA NEVILLE.

LETTER IX.

MISS HARLEY TO MRS. NEVILLE.

MY DEAR EUPHEMIA,

AND do you really reſolve to put ſuch a ſtrange conſtruction upon the juſt tribute paid by a friend to your merit? Muſt my praiſes be conſidered as diſguiſed exhortations? Let me tell you, you avoid preſumption by a contrary extreme, ſince envy itſelf would give you that which your own modeſty takes away.

BUT, not to offend you further by dwelling on this theme, you ſhall now have the remainder of Mr. Martin's relation; his ſimplicity pleaſes you; and I have been careful to make no alteration in his ſtyle and manner: thus then he went on:—

MR.

'MR. Greville, as ſoon as he had 'dined, ſent to beg my lady would fa- 'vour him with a ſhort interview before 'his departure, which he ſaid the occa- 'ſion required ſhould be immediately. 'Accordingly he was admitted to ſee her. 'He told her, that he intended to get as 'far on his way home that night as he 'poſſibly could, and would call upon 'Mr. Mainwaring, and the executor, to 'ſettle all matters relating to the fune- 'ral. He deſired to know if her lady- 'ſhip had any particular commands to 'favour him with: to which ſhe anſwer- 'ed, "Pray, Mr. Greville, do not con- "ſult me upon theſe ſad affairs; I leave "all to your diſcretion."

"BUT, Madam," ſaid Mr. Greville, "I "earneſtly recommend it to you to arm "yourſelf with fortitude; the body "muſt be brought here to-morrow or "next day at fartheſt."

"As you pleaſe," ſaid my lady, "but "I entreat you ſpare me any further "diſcourſe upon this melancholy ſub-"ject."

'ALL this, Madam, Mr. Greville told 'me was ſaid with the utmoſt compoſure 'of look and accent; ſo, to be ſhort, Ma-'dam, he took his leave; and, as my 'ague now returned with great violence, 'this ſerved for a good reaſon for my 'not going with him, ſo I went up to 'my chamber; but, as I afterwards 'found, my lady did not know I was in 'the houſe, for ſhe concluded I was 'gone with Mr. Greville.

'THAT very evening Lady Flareit came 'to condole with my lady, and ſupper 'was ſerved up in her dreſſing-room; and 'nobody was allowed to wait but her 'woman, in whom my lady had great 'confidence, which ſhe did not deſerve, 'for ſhe was very deceitful. Now it hap-

'pened

'pened that my name was mentioned 'upon ſome occaſion or other, upon 'which Mrs. Wilſon ſaid I was very ill.

'My lady was much ſurpriſed to hear 'I was in the houſe, and declared I ſhould 'not ſtay another moment in it. "He is "a buſy meddling fellow," ſaid ſhe; "he "gained his maſter's good will by his "fawning and his lies. Poor Sir John "had no very ſtrong head, and even this "paltry fellow could make a dupe of "him. Go, Wilſon, and tell him to "leave the Hall immediately." 'Mrs. 'Wilſon told her that I was ill, and gone 'to bed.'

"No matter," ſaid my lady; "he may "go to the next inn; he is rich enough "to procure accommodation any "where—I am determined he ſhall not "ſtay in the houſe—I am miſtreſs here, "and will be obeyed.'

"LORD, Madam!" ſaid Mrs. Wilſon, as ſhe told me afterwards, "does your "ladyſhip conſider what a clamour this "will make: every one knows my late "good maſter had a great regard for Mr. "Martin; he has ſerved him faithfully "many years, you know Madam, and "faithful ſervants ought not to be "uſed ſo."

"YOUR late *good* maſter," ſaid my lady, "has well rewarded him for his ſervices, "ſuch as they were. But methinks you "are very bold to ſtand arguing with "me thus; go and deliver my orders— "tell him to be gone: and here," ſaid ſhe, kicking a little French dog that my maſter was very fond of—"bid him "take this animal with him. This was "a favourite too, and was allowed to "ſnarl, and bark, and ſpoil the carpets, "and no one, not even myſelf, durſt find "fault with him."

Mrs.

'MRS. Wilſon took up the dog, and 'came to my room, and told me all that 'had paſſed. I was thunderſhook in a 'manner; and making no anſwer, ſhe 'aſked me what ſhe ſhould ſay to my 'lady?'

"GIVE my duty to her ladyſhip," ſaid 'I, and tell her that I will obey her com-"mands to-morrow morning as ſoon as "it is day, but for this night I hope ſhe "will excuſe me; and as for the dog, "I will take care of it for my dear maſ-"ter's ſake; and ſo good night, Mrs. "Wilſon." She ſmiled, and ſaid I 'acted quite right; ſo ſhe went away, 'and I bolted the door after her, and 'went to bed.

'I KNOW not how my lady took this 'anſwer, for early the next morning 'I got up, and, finding myſelf much bet-'ter, I went to the ſtable, made the 'groom ſaddle my horſe, and I ſet out 'for Mr. Greville's ſeat.

'I ARRIVED there the next day about 'noon, and had the ſatisfaction to hear 'that my maſter was quite well; for in-'deed his hurt had been but very incon-'ſiderable. I deſired Mr. Greville's valet 'to tell his maſter that I was come, and 'begged to ſpeak to him in private be-'fore I waited on my maſter.

'MR. Greville ordered me to come to 'him in his ſtudy, and expreſſed much 'ſurpriſe at ſeeing me. I told him all 'that had paſſed, and how my lady had 'turned me out of doors, and the little 'dog with me.

'MR. Greville rubbed his hands, and 'cried out joyfully, "So, this goes well; "ſhe has ſhewn the cloven foot: what "will my old friend ſay to this?"

"DOES my maſter know, Sir," ſaid I, "of the trick you have put upon my "lady?"

"OH,

"OH, yes," ſaid he, "and laughs at the "jeſt: but I fancy the ſtory you have to "tell will put ſome ſerious thoughts "into his head. Come, I will bring "you to him."

'I FOLLOWED Mr. Greville into my 'maſter's chamber, who was walking 'about, and looked ſo well that my joy 'quite overpowered me, and I burſt 'into tears.

"WELL, Martin," ſaid my maſter, "I "believe you are glad to find me alive: "but what brings you here? I heard "you was not well: and why have you "brought my poor Fidelle with you?" 'added he, careſſing the dog, who had 'got out of my arms, and was jumping 'about him.

'I CAST down my eyes, and was 'ſilent, not knowing how to tell the mat-'ter. My maſter then perceived that 'ſomething extraordinary had happened,

'and

'and ſaid haſtily, "Why don't you anſwer
"me, Martin?"

"I BELIEVE I muſt anſwer for him,"
'ſaid Mr. Greville, "for the poor man is
"half aſhamed of the matter; but the
"truth is, my lady, firmly believing
"that ſhe is now whole and ſole ſove-
"reign, has, in the plenitude of her
"power, taken upon her to turn your
"faithful ſervant, and your favourite
"dog, out of doors."

"How is this?" ſaid my maſter,
'eagerly: then ſuddenly ſtopping, he
'muſed a little, and added, with a ſmile,
"She has played you trick for trick;
"but conſidering that Martin was ill,
"this was carrying the jeſt too far. But,
"pray what cauſe did ſhe aſſign for this
"treatment?"

"MY lady accuſes me of being a ſpy,
"a buſy body, and a miſchief-maker,
"Sir," ſaid I; "and as for the dog, her
"ladyſhip

"ladyſhip makes heavy complaints of
"him, for ſuch faults as dogs are often
"guilty of, to be ſure; but I never
"thought Fidelle was one of thoſe."

'My maſter now laughed heartily, at
'which, I thought, Mr. Greville looked
'a little ſilly. "I ſee you take this mat-
"ter right," ſaid he to my maſter, in a
'peeviſh tone.

"Why yes," ſaid my maſter, "I be-
"lieve I do: but come, I am reſolved
"to act a part in this farce; I find my-
"ſelf ſtrong enough to undertake a
"longer journey than that to my own
"houſe; ſo, if you pleaſe, we will ſet
"out to-morrow; and I will ſurpriſe
"Lady Harley with the ghoſt of her
"huſband."

"With all my heart," ſaid Mr. Gre-
'ville, "but if your ſudden appearance
"ſhould frighten her into fits, I am
"guiltleſs of the conſequences; for I
"do

" do aſſure you, ſhe thinks you are ac-
" tually dead."

" INDEED I am perſuaded ſhe has
" been laughing at you all this time,"
' ſaid my maſter.

" WELL," replied Mr. Greville, " I
" have no more to ſay; but I hope you
" will have your jeſt too."

" THAT is what I intend," ſaid my
' maſter. He then ordered me to go
' and take care of myſelf; and I with-
' drew, a little apprehenſive of his diſ-
' pleaſure, becauſe he did not take this
' matter as Mr. Greville expected.

' HOWEVER, I had an opportunity of
' ſpeaking to Mr. Greville that evening,
' and he aſſured me, my maſter was not
' angry with any of us; that was his
' phraſe. " Though ſome of us," ſays
' he, " certainly deſerve that he ſhould
" be ſo. He talks of what has paſt

" very

" very pleaſantly; but I think I can per-
" ceive he has ſome ſerious thoughts about
" it, for he is often penſive and ſilent."

'WELL, Madam, my maſter ſet out
'next day at noon, with Mr. Gre-
'ville, for the Hall. He would have had
'me ſtay behind a day or two to recover
'myſelf; but I told him, I found myſelf
'well enough to attend him: and truly
'I would not upon any account have
'miſſed the ſcene I expected to ſee.

'WE lay that night at a friend of Mr.
'Greville's, who had heard the report of
'my maſter's death, and was rejoiced to
'find it without foundation. We left
'this gentleman's houſe ſo late in the day,
'that it was night before we reached the
'Hall. No one took any notice of my
'maſter, who was wrapt up in his great
'coat and his hat ſlouched; he followed
'Mr. Greville up ſtairs, who had aſked
'for my lady, and was told ſhe was in
'her own apartment.'

'A SERVANT

'A SERVANT announced Mr. Greville 'to my lady's woman, who was in wait-'ing; and Mr. Greville, without cere-'mony, followed her into my lady's dreſſ-'ing room, my maſter being cloſe at his 'heels; and to be ſure, Madam, there 'was my lady, not mourning like a ſor-'rowful widow, but ſitting at ſupper 'with Lady Flareit and the Colonel, and 'they all ſeemed very cheerful.

"YOUR ſervant, your ſervant, good "people," ſaid my maſter, gaily taking 'off his hat, "will you permit a couple "of hungry travellers to partake with "you?"

'MY lady, who had ſeemed loſt in 'aſtoniſhment and terror at the ſound of 'his voice, no ſooner ſaw his face, than 'ſhe ſcreamed aloud and fell into a faint-'ing fit. Lady Flareit cried out, "A "ghoſt!" hid her eyes with her apron, 'and trembled like an aſpen-leaf; and 'the Colonel, ſtarting up, clapped his

'hand

'hand "inſtinctively," aye, that was Mr.
'Greville's word, upon his ſword, and,
'opening his eyes as wide as he could,
'ſtood ſtaring at my maſter from a cor-
'ner of the room, who was very buſy in
'endeavouring to recover my lady, which
'at laſt, with the aſſiſtance of her woman,
'who ſprinkled her face plentifully with
'water, he effected.

'But as ſoon as ſhe opened her eyes,
'and ſaw my maſter, ſhe ſeemed ready to
'relapſe; upon which Lady Flareit, who
'was now, by the aſſiſtance of Mr. Gre-
'ville, quite recovered from her fright,
'approached, and taking her hand, ſaid,
"Come, Lady Harley, let me lead you to
"your chamber; Sir John, this was a
"cruel jeſt."—"It was all Grevslle's
"doings," ſaid my maſter; "therefore,
"pray, my dear," ſaid he to my lady,
'who went tottering out of the room,
'leaning upon Lady Flareit's arms, "do
"not be too much diſcompoſed, but re-
"turn

"turn again ſoon, if you would not "ſpoil my ſupper."

'Colonel Flareit then came forward, 'looking a little fooliſh, I thought, as if 'he did not know how to take my maſter's 'gaiety. "Come, Colonel," ſaid my maſ-'ter, "come and finiſh your ſupper, "otherwiſe I ſhall think you are ſtill "afraid."

"Afraid, Sir!" ſaid the Colonel; "Aye, afraid," ſaid my maſter; "why Co-"lonel a ſoldier may be afraid of a ghoſt, "without any diſparagement to his cou-"rage: but after all," continued my 'maſter, laughing, "you have all acted "your parts very well; and my friend "Greville need not boaſt much of the "ſucceſs of his trick; for I am confident, "there is not one of you that was im-"poſed upon for a ſingle moment, by "the ſtory he invented of my death; "therefore the laugh, I think, is fairly "turned upon him."

'The

'THE Colonel ſaid not a word; and 'Mr. Greville ſeemed utterly at a loſs 'how to underſtand my maſter, ſo he 'continued to eat in ſilence.

'AT length Lady Flareit came in, 'looking very grave; and was going to 'ſpeak, but my maſter prevented her; 'crying out, "So, Lady Harley is not with "you, I ſee; ſhe would fain carry on the "jeſt a little further, and perſuade me "that ſhe really thought I was dead; "but I know better; ſhe is not ſo good "an actreſs as ſhe thinks; and yet, "after all, ſhe impoſed upon Greville, "I believe."

'LADY Flareit now cleared up all on 'a ſudden. "Ah," ſaid ſhe to my maſ-'ter, "you have found us out; we in-"tended to mortify you by our pre-"tended indifference; but, however, "your ſudden appearance ſurpriſed "Lady Harley; you know ſhe has very "weak nerves; ſhe is really not well,

"and

" and is gone to bed."—" I am ſorry for " that," ſaid my maſter, " I hoped ſhe " would have joined the laugh againſt " this plotter here," clapping Mr. Gre-' ville on the back.

' Lady Flareit now returned to my ' lady; telling the Colonel, that ſhe would ' go home in a quarter of an hour. Mrs. ' Wilſon informed me, that this time was ' ſpent in cloſe converſation between the ' two ladies, which ſhe could not hear ' diſtinctly; but Lady Flareit ſeemed en-' deavouring to perſuade my lady to ' ſomething. She was ſent to acquaint ' the Colonel, that her ladyſhip was ready; ' ſo he took leave of my maſter and Mr. ' Greville, and they went away together.

' Early the next morning, I ſaw my ' maſter and Mr. Greville walking to-' gether upon the lawn, ſeemingly in ' deep diſcourſe. When they came in to ' breakfaſt, my lady ſent her woman with ' an apology, for her not being able to at-

' tend

'tend them, having had a very indif-
'ferent night. My maſter expreſſed great
'concern for her illneſs; and deſired her
'woman to let him know when ſhe
'was up, that he might go and ſee her:
'then haſtily turning to me, he ſaid, "Get
"ready immediately to go for Worden
"and Graſp; I have ſome buſineſs for
"them to do, which I think ought not
"to be delayed, leſt I ſhould die in
"good earneſt." Mrs. Wilſon heard
'theſe words, and hurried away to tell
'her lady; and I was as eager to execute
'my commiſſion.

'I BROUGHT them both with me to the
'Hall. My maſter was in my lady's
'chamber when they arrived; and as ſoon
'as he had notice of it, he joined them
'in his ſtudy. Mr. Greville was there;
'and they continued a long time together.

'MY maſter detained the two lawyers
'to dinner; at which my lady, being ſtill
'indiſpoſed, did not appear. The next
'morning,

'morning, Mr. Greville ſet out for his 'own ſeat: he ſhook my hand, as I at- 'tended him to his carriage, ſaying, in a 'low voice, "All goes right, honeſt Mar- "tin." I underſtood his Honour, and 'was heartily glad of it.

'When Mr. Greville was gone, my 'lady appeared at table as uſual; but ſo 'ſullen, ſo ſilent, that my maſter could 'hardly get a word out of her, though 'he was very complaiſant and civil to 'her. Mrs. Wilſon told me, that ſhe 'could hear Lady Flareit, who ſeldom 'miſſed a day coming to ſee her, often 'chide her for her behaviour; telling 'her, ſhe was wrong, quite wrong: but 'my lady could not be perſuaded to alter 'it; continuing cold, reſerved, and even 'peeviſh. But my maſter ſeemed to take 'no notice of this ſtrange alteration in 'her manner towards him: he was often 'talking of you, Madam, and pleaſing 'himſelf with the expectation of ſeeing 'you ſoon. He ordered your apart-

'ment

'ſet of wrought dreſſing-plate for your 'toilet came from London, which my 'lady ſcarcely condeſcended to look at; 'ſaying coldly, when my maſter aſked 'her opinion, that it was mighty pretty.

'A GREAT alteration now appeared 'in my lady's looks; and it was apparent 'that her ſecret diſcontents had hurt her 'health. My maſter propoſed to her 'change of air, and a journey to Paris; 'ſhe ſaid, ſhe would rather go to ſome of 'the watering places. But ſhe grew viſi-'bly worſe, and at length was ſeized with 'a violent fever. The phyſicians had 'very little hopes from the firſt; and all 'their arguments and intreaties could 'not prevail upon her to be bled: ſo ſhe 'died, as one may ſay, by her own 'fault.

'MY maſter was very kind to her dur-'ing her illneſs; but ſhe was ſeldom ſen-'ſible, and ſcarce ever ſpoke. The day 'ſhe died, he continued ſhut up in his

'closet for several hours; and the next 'morning set out for Mr. Greville's, 'seat. She was buried in the fa-'mily vault with great solemnity; 'but, I am sorry to say, not much 'lamented; for her ladyship was not very 'charitable to the poor; and she always 'behaved to the tenants and small gentry 'in the neighbourhood with great 'haughtiness.'

Here Mr. Martin ended his narration, which took up two or three of my evenings in listening to; and I have given it you almost in his very words. What more I have to tell you on this subject must be deferred till my next. But now adieu! my ever dear Euphemia.

Maria Harley.

LETTER

LETTER X.

MRS. NEVILLE TO MISS HARLEY.

MY DEAR MARIA,

I SHALL never for the future rank your uncle with men of common underſtanding; his whole conduct with regard to Lady Harley, on the moſt trying occaſion imaginable, diſplays a fund of good ſenſe and philoſophy, rarely to be met with in perſons, who, like him, have ſpent ſo great a part of their lives in the purſuit of pleaſure.

How nicely has he ſteered between two extremes, equally fatal to his reputation. Had he appeared inſenſible of her levities, and indifferent to the ungrateful returns ſhe made to his affection, he would have paſſed for a dupe: had he avowed his reſentment, he would have authoriſed ſuſpicions that

would have ruined her character, and fixed ridicule upon his own; he escaped both these rocks by the most masterly management imaginable, and neither malice nor ridicule can find a shaft to hit him.

I AM not surprised at the despair which Lady Harley seems to have fallen into. The most common view persons have, when they commit imprudent actions, is the probability of always finding out some resource or other: but Lady Harley, in this case, could have no such hope; she had fixed her husband's opinion of her irrevocably, and the very methods he used to render her less contemptible in the eyes of the world, served only to lessen her more in her own. But peace be to her ashes, and oblivion to her memory!

I AM particularly impatient for your next letter, in hopes that it will clear up an ambiguous expression in one of your

your former ones, that has puzzled me greatly; you ſay, you have no will of your own, and that you are a ſlave to that of another; pray make me underſtand this. Adieu! my dear Maria.

LETTER XI.

MISS HARLEY TO MRS. NEVILLE.

MY DEAR EUPHEMIA,

I WISH I could with any propriety have ſhewn my uncle ſome part of your laſt letter; even the wife might be pardoned for indulging a little vanity at receiving praiſes from judgment and ſincerity like yours; but you will eaſily conceive this would not have been proper, at leaſt at this time, after what I am going to tell you.

MARTIN having informed him that he had obeyed his commands, and given me a very particular (and you muſt own, my friend, that it *was* a very particular) account of all that had happened

happened during my abſence, my uncle ſpoke to me in this manner:

'You have heard from Martin ſome 'very intereſting circumſtances relat- 'ing to your aunt and me; you have 'candour and good ſenſe; I doubt not 'but you will judge rightly of my con- 'duct. I only intreat you never to 'mention Lady Harley to me in private, 'and in public be as reſerved on that 'ſubject as I am. Mr. Greville,' he added, 'is certainly your friend; you 'owe him ſome acknowldgments;' and theſe, my dear, I did not fail to pay him the very firſt opportunity, with an effuſion of heart which convinced him of my gratitude.

I was obliged to liſten to ſome humrous ſallies on my aunt's account, and even to ſmile at them, for indeed it would have been very difficult to refrain; however, he always ſpared my uncle, which, conſidering his fondneſs

for raillery, was an inſtance of ſelf-denial that had ſome merit in it.

My aunt's woman was ſtill in the houſe; ſhe expected to have made her court to me by throwing out ſome reflections upon her late lady, and by making an ample diſcovery of all ſhe knew; but I ſilenced her by a ſevere look, and an abſolute command never to ſpeak to me on the ſubject.

My uncle left it to me to do as I pleaſed with regard to her; I had reaſon to think her very deceitful, and incapable of being true to any one; I reſolved to diſcharge her immediately; ſo I gave her all her late lady's clothes and linen, with what money ſhe had in her pockets when ſhe died, and diſmiſſed her, to the great joy of the ſervants, who had all of them, at one time or other, experienced her treachery.

You

You will call Mr. Greville a bold man, when I tell you he would read your laſt letter, notwithſtanding all I could do to hinder him; he came in when I was writing, and ſaw it lying on my table, and actually read it through; and this is what he ſaid when he returned it to me: 'No modeſty is able to reſiſt the 'praiſes that come from your amiable 'friend; and although I have hitherto 'thought vanity a ridiculous quality, 'yet I proteſt I ſhould take a pleaſure in 'being corrupted by her.'

He preſt me much to ſhew my uncle what you ſaid of him; but I pleaded his abſolute command not to mention Lady Harley to him; and he agreed that he ought to be obeyed.

This unlooked for intruſion of Mr. Greville's will teach me caution; I will always faſten my door for the future when I ſit down to write to you. But I will now explain to you what I meant

when I told you my uncle was kinder to me than ever, and yet I had no will of my own, but was a ſlave to that of another.

It is that kindneſs of his that has enſlaved my will, my dear Euphemia, that has loaded me with a debt of gratitude which I can never be able to pay, and has fixed ſhackles upon my mind which it is impoſſible for me ever to unlooſe. Mark the method he took to produce this voluntary ſubjection.

Some little time after my return from France, Mr. Greville being upon a viſit at the Hall, my uncle ſent for me into his ſtudy, where he was ſitting with his friend; they had papers lying upon the table before them, one of which, upon my entrance, my uncle took, and, preſenting it to Mr. Greville, 'Here, Sir,' ſaid he, 'is a deed of gift to my 'niece of the greateſt part of my per-'ſonal eſtate, amounting to about twenty 'thouſand

'thouſand pounds, which, as her guar-
'dian and truſtee, I lodge in your
'hands. It is all placed on govern-
'ment ſecurities, for the intereſt of
'which you are to be accountable to
'her only from the preſent moment,
'and to pay into her hands for her ſole
'uſe and benefit.

'Be not ſurpriſed,' purſued he, 'child,' taking my hand, and leading me, all amazed and ſpeechleſs, to a chair next his own, 'I believe you have a ſincere 'affection for me, and I am willing to 'enjoy the pleaſure this thought gives 'me, pure and unmixed with the 'leaſt ſhadow of a doubt. What I in-'tended to bequeath you at my death I 'give you now, irrevocably, that you 'may be free and abſolute miſtreſs of 'yourſelf, and that having nothing more 'to hope, or any thing to fear, from me, 'your actions may be as unconſtrained as 'your thoughts, and your real affection 'for me liable to no miſconſtructions.'

It was eaſy to perceive, by this conduct of my uncle, my dear Euphemia, what an impreſſion Lady Harley's duplicity and artifice had made upon his mind, and how much he apprehended being thought the dupe of female ſubtilty a ſecond time. His favourable opinion of me was alſo evident; and this was the point to which, as I conceived, delicacy obliged me only to anſwer.

My heart was full, but I endeavoured to ſuppreſs my emotions; and taking his hand, which I reſpectfully kiſſed, while an involuntary tear at the ſame time dropped upon it, 'I am obliged 'to you, Sir,' ſaid I, 'not ſo much for 'making me rich, or for making me 'rich before my time, but for putting 'it in my power to ſhew you'—'I un-'derſtand you, my dear niece,' ſaid he, haſtily interrupting me,—'we under-'ſtand one another, I believe, and we 'ſhall both be the happier for it. Would 'to Heaven,' added he, with ſome emotion,

tion, 'that the eſtate of my family, 'which falls to a collateral branch 'which I have no reaſon to love, could 'have been your's likewiſe.' — 'Come, 'no more of this,' ſaid Mr. Greville, 'my fair ward here will have enough of 'that pelf, which, as Pope ſays,

"Buys the ſex a tyrant in itſelf."

Mr. Greville very judiciouſly endeavoured to give the converſation a gayer turn, to relieve my uncle and me from the very awkward ſituation we found ourſelves in, while he was afraid of hearing acknowledgments, which my full heart left me not the power of expreſſing. And thus, my friend, has the independence my uncle beſtowed on me been the beginning of my ſlavery, for I cannot, I ought not, to have any will but that of a benefactor who has acted with ſuch uncommon generoſity.

The

THE power to follow my inclinations is ſecured to me, but my will is fettered by the obligations I lie under. Thus, for inſtance, my heart impels me to fly to you, to ſooth, to comfort, to aſſiſt you in your preſent ſituation; and I ſhould moſt certainly have aſked his permiſſion for a ſhort abſence, if he had not, by making me my own miſtreſs, deprived himſelf, as he thinks, of the power of refuſing; and my company being now more neceſſary to him than ever, I cannot give the leaſt hint that I have a wiſh that way, for fear of laying him under the neceſſity of doing what may be diſagreeable to him. But perhaps his own good ſenſe may ſuggeſt to him to offer what I cannot aſk, and then you may depend upon ſeeing me in London.

I HAVE this moment received the long-expected packet; but I muſt rein in my impatience, and not open it till I retire for the night; for this whole day I ſhall

ſhall be employed in reading to my uncle, who is a little indiſpoſed, and cannot take his uſual ride. My dear Euphemia, adieu.

LETTER

LETTER XII.

MRS. NEVILLE TO MISS HARLEY.

BEFORE I continue my little narrative, I muſt entreat you, my dear Maria, not to ſuffer theſe papers to be ſeen by any perſon but yourſelf; they will contain a faithful account of my affairs, and give you a juſt picture of my ſituation: and conſequently I ſhall be obliged to touch upon the faults of one who, from the near relation in which he ſtands to me, has claims upon my tenderneſs and reſpect, which even thoſe faults cannot diſpenſe with me from allowing him. Mine, I know, your friendſhip would ſpare and conceal; and he, being a part of myſelf, for him I expect the ſame indulgence.

I HAVE

I HAVE already repeated what Mrs. Benſon told me concerning my father's imprudent management of his affairs, the conſequence of which has involved his family in ruin. My mother, always gentle and kind, endeavoured to palliate thoſe errors by which ſhe was ſo great a ſufferer.

THERE is nothing, ſaid ſhe, more commendable than generoſity, but nothing ought leſs to be ſtretched too far. Mr. Lumley ſerved his friends with too little attention to his own ability, which, together with other imprudences, produced that bitter remorſe which ſhortened his days.

HER tears flowed faſt at theſe words; I ſuppreſſed my own emotions that I might comfort her, and endeavoured to detach her thoughts from the melancholy idea, by giving her a detail of the inequality of Mrs. Highmore's behaviour to me during the firſt and the laſt days of my reſidence with her, which

the

the wreck of our fortunes now enabled me to account for.

My mother ſmiled at my ſtory; and taking two letters out of her pocket-book, put them into my hand. 'Here 'are two letters from Mrs. Highmore,' ſaid ſhe, 'of different dates: the firſt is 'to Mrs. Lumley in affluence; the ſe-'cond to the ſame Mrs. Lumley in diſ-'treſs; read them.' I did ſo, and here is what they contained.

TO MRS. LUMLEY.

'DEAR MADAM,

'My whole family have been 'tranſported with joy ever ſince I com-'municated to them your reſolution to 'give us the ineſtimable bleſſing of 'Miſs Lumley's company during your 'ſtay at Bath. My daughters will think 'themſelves honoured by her accepting 'their ſervices, and I ſhall be proud to 'ſtand in the place of a mother to ſuch 'excellence,

'excellence, during the abſence of you, 'her incomparable mother! Moſt de-'voutly do I pray for the perfect reco-'very of good Mr. Lumley, and for all 'imaginable bleſſings to your worthy 'ſelf, being, with great reſpect,

'Dear Madam,

'Your obliged, moſt humble,

'And moſt obedient ſervant,

'A. HIGHMORE.

'P. S. The dear young lady is in 'perfect health.'

TO MRS. LUMLEY.

'I AM ſincerely ſorry, my very 'good friend, for your late loſs, which 'is attended with ſuch dreadful conſe-'quences to your affairs. Your daugh-'ter takes on greatly for her father's 'death, but we keep her in ignorance 'of the reſt of her misfortunes—againſt 'my judgment, indeed; for it moves

'my

'my pity to see the poor thing so unsus-
'picious of the sad reverse of her for-
'tune.

'I WISH I could offer you any conso-
'lation in this great calamity; but, as
'you are a good Christian, and a woman
'of sense, you will doubtless reflect that
'all are not born to be rich, and that
'it behoves us to be resigned and hum-
'ble under difficult situations. Pray
'let me know when you design to leave
'Bath, and whether I can be of any use
'to you here on this occasion, for I shall
'always be glad to shew myself your
'very sincere friend,

'And humble servant,

'A. HIGHMORE.

'The poor child is as well as can be
'expected, considering her affliction.'

MY mother answered this extraordinary epistle no otherwise than by cancelling a note

note for ſixty pounds, which Mrs. Highmore had borrowed of her about a year before, and encloſing it in a cover, which contained only theſe words: 'Mrs. 'Lumley's compliments, and deſires 'Mrs. Highmore will accept the en-'cloſed as payment for her daughter's 'and her governeſs's board for five 'weeks.'

THIS billet was ſent by a porter to Mrs. Highmore's houſe in town, whither we had heard ſhe was come, with orders not to ſtay for an anſwer. She came herſelf a few days afterwards to viſit my mother, who pleaded indiſpoſition, and refuſed to ſee her.

MRS. Highmore's behaviour was imitated by many other perſons of our acquaintance, whoſe cool kindneſs, and conſtrained civility, marked too well the change of our fortunes.

SOME

Some of our relations were of high rank; and these kept us at a distance by their very ceremonious behaviour. Some were only rich, and to them poverty appeared rather a crime than a misfortune; so that in strict morality they were obliged to treat us with great coldness and reserve.

My mother appeared calm and unruffled by this general depravity. 'Persons of quicker sensibility than myself,' said she, 'would, on this occasion, complain of the world; but I shall content myself with forgetting it.'

Having settled all her affairs in London, we retired to a small house, which my mother had taken in a neighbouring town, and furnished with a simplicity suitable to her fortune, and a neatness that gave elegance to that simplicity.

Mrs. Benson refused the part of governess to a young lady of high distinction,

tion, in order to accompany us in this retreat. 'I have an income,' ſaid ſhe, 'which, though ſmall, is ſufficient to 'prevent my being an incumbrance to 'you. I acquired part of it in your 'ſervice; and I will never quit you 'while my attendance can be either 'uſeful or agreeable to you.'

You will eaſily imagine, my dear Maria, how acceptable ſuch an inſtance of faithful attachment muſt be to my mother, at a time when ſhe ſeemed forſaken by all the world. She embraced, and thanked her with tears of tenderneſs and joy; yet repreſented to her, that her intereſt required ſhe ſhould accept the advantageous propoſal that was made to her.

'Honour, gratitude, and friendſhip,' replied ſhe, 'impel me to attach my-'ſelf to you, and my beloved pupil; 'in doing ſo I find my intereſt.'

We were ſoon ſettled in our new habitation: one maid-ſervant compoſed our whole equipage. We worked, we read, we dreſſed our little garden—all was peace, friendſhip, and mutual complacency.

'I see,' ſaid I one day to my mother, 'that one may ceaſe to be rich without 'being unhappy.—'A life led in tran-'quillity, and with judgment,' replied my mother, 'which is the work of reaſon, 'is preferable to one half of thoſe ſud-'den and great ſucceſſes which the 'world admires, and which are ſcarce 'ever the rewards of merit, but the 'mere vagaries of fortune.'

The privacy my mother ſo earneſtly deſired was not like to be interrupted in a neighbourhood chiefly compoſed of families grown wealthy by the ſucceſsful arts of trade, and had choſen this retreat for their ſummer reſidence, who had no idea of any merit but riches, and allowed no claims

claims to reſpect, but what were derived from the oſtentatious diſplay of them. The name of Lumley ſounded leſs reſpectable in their ears than that of Jackſon or Wilſon, becauſe Jackſon or Wilſon kept coaches, and could afford to fare ſumptuouſly every day.

'NOTHING,' ſays the immortal Bacon, 'can make that great which nature 'meant to be little.' Our ſituation afforded us many opportunities of obſerving how fortune and nature were at ſtrife, when the laviſh gifts beſtowed by the one, could not efface the deſpicable ſtamp impreſſed by the other. The Indian plunderer, raiſed from the condition of a link-boy to princely affluence, in the midſt of his blaze of grandeur, looked like a robber going in mock ſtate to execution; and the foreſtalling trader enjoyed his clumſy magnificence with the ſame aſpect as when he had over-reached a leſs cunning dealer in a bargain.

Such were the obſervations of Mrs. Benſon, when theſe ſons and daughters of ſudden opulence rolled in unwieldy ſtate by our humble habitation.

My mother uſed ſometimes to chide her for the ſeverity of her ſarcaſms; but her ſpleen was often rouſed by the inconveniences which our contiguity to theſe great perſonages expoſed us to: for money, which, as ſhe ſaid, coſt them nothing to acquire, but what they valued as nothing, conſequently, was expended ſo laviſhly, as raiſed the prices of neceſſaries; and this grievance was ſeverely felt by their leſs opulent neighbours.

My mother, who chiefly ſubſiſted upon milk, could hardly procure any that was genuine, although the cows were milked under her window, becauſe the brokers, the ſoap-boilers, and the rope-makers ladies numerous ſervants could not drink their tea without cream; and therefore vaſt quantities of milk were beſpoke

beſpoke every day, to furniſh this indiſpenſable article to their afternoon regale.

Such inconveniences as theſe my mother bore without murmuring; but ſhe was not ſo eaſy under the difficulty ſhe found of procuring a ſeat in the church, 'which,' ſaid Mrs. Benſon, 'are almoſt 'all taken up with the worſhippers of 'Mammon, to whom, as they have 'erected an altar in their own houſes, 'they might as well perform their devo-'tions at home, and let Chriſtians have 'acceſs to the houſe of God.

My mother, however, ſometimes, by the force of a bribe, got admiſſion into a pew; and one Sunday, making uſe of the ſame powerful oratory, ſhe was let into a pew where there was only one lady, of a diminutive figure indeed, but a ſoul ſo vaſt, as ſeemed to oe'r-inform her ſmall tenement of clay, and made her fancy herſelf large enough to occupy

the whole pew; ſo that upon my mother's entrance, ſhe ſpread her flounces and hoop over the whole bench, and, wedging my mother cloſe in a corner, looked aſkance upon her, without making the leaſt return to the courteſy ſhe made her after ſhe had riſen from her knees.

WHEN the ſervice was over, the little great lady, being in a hurry to get out, flounced by my mother, and ſaid, loud enough to be heard by her, to the woman who attended to open the door, 'I 'wonder at your aſſurance, to put peo- 'ple that nobody knows into my pew— 'I ſhall complain to the church-warden, 'I aſſure you.'

'MADAM,' ſaid the woman, 'you 'have a right to but one ſeat in the pew, 'and the gentlewoman looks as much 'like a lady as any body.'

THIS ſpeech called forth a contemptuous ſmile, and a repetition of the word 'lady!'

'lady!' for although my mother was, as you know, my Maria, a moſt elegant figure, and had an air of dignity, which was rendered more intereſting by the gentle ſorrow which ſhaded her features, yet as ſhe had no footman with her, that barrier, in this polite country town, between the high and the low, it was impoſſible to imagine ſhe could have any claim to civility.

SHOCKED, but not mortified, at the ridiculous pride of this daughter of trade, my mother was preparing to go out of the pew, when ſhe was accoſted by a lady, who, by her air and manner, ſeemed to be indeed a gentlewoman; ſhe had heard what had been ſaid to the pew-opener, and appeared much affected at it.

'I PERCEIVE, Madam,' ſaid ſhe to my mother, 'that you are not provided 'with a ſeat in this church, which in-'deed is very difficult to procure in the

'ſummer ſeaſon, but you will be ex-
'tremely welcome to one in my pew;
'there is room enough, and I ſhall be
'happy to accommodate you; you need
'only deſire to be ſhewn to Mrs. How-
'ard's pew, and it will always be open
'to you.'

The lady curtſeyed, and paſſed on, giving my mother time to pay her acknowledgments for this favour, only by a deep curtſey and an expreſſive look.

She related this incident to Mrs. Benſon and me when ſhe came home, telling us, at the ſame time, the name of the benevolent lady. 'I ſhould have
'been ſurpriſed,' ſaid Mrs. Benſon, 'if
'any of the plebeian gentry of this lofty
'place had been capable of ſuch an in-
'ſtance of civility to a ſtranger; from
'the noble name of Howard one might
'expect it.'

'IT is true,' replied my mother, 'that pride and meanneſs are generally 'found together; but there are perſons, 'even of high birth, who can ſubmit to 'to be proud, and whoſe whole great-'neſs lie in their titles; ſo that if they 'would have us reſpect them, they muſt 'ſend a herald before to announce their 'claims.'

I BELIEVE you and I, my dear Maria, know ſeveral of theſe undignified great ones; and, to my ſorrow, ſome may be found among my own relations.

MY mother did not fail to go to church next Sunday, and the pew-opener, who had heard what Mrs. Howard ſaid, immediately conducted her to that lady's pew: Mrs. Howard was already there, and received her with ſmiles, that ſhewed the ſatisfaction ſhe felt at ſeeing her offer ſo readily accepted. My mother had now an opportunity of paying her acknowledgments, which ſhe did

with her uſual politeneſs, and a heart glowing with gratitude.

Mrs. Howard, judging by the paleneſs of her looks that ſhe was in a weak ſtate of health, deſired, as ſoon as the ſervice was over, that ſhe would permit her to ſet her down at her own door; which my mother, after a ſhort apology for the trouble it would give her, conſented to.

My mother being deſired to tell the ſervant where the coach was to ſtop, directed him to the place, and ſaid he would ſee the name of Lumley upon the door.

'Is your name Lumley, Madam?' ſaid Mrs. Howard haſtily: my mother bowing.

'Then you are the widow of the late 'Mr. Lumley, who died at Bath, I pre-'ſume?' ſaid ſhe.

'I am,

'I AM, Madam,' replied my mother, ſighing.

'How happy am I to meet with you 'thus unexpectedly,' ſaid Mrs. Howard; 'I have often wiſhed for the plea-'ſure of your acquaintance; but I know 'not how it was, I never met you 'at any of my parties; but you muſt 'promiſe that we ſhall be good neigh-'bours now; I generally paſs three or 'four months every year at a little plea-'ſant houſe I have about a ſhort mile 'from hence, before I go to our ſeat in 'Hertfordſhire. I will not part with 'you till you have promiſed to ſpend a 'day with me.'

MY mother aſſured her, ſhe would with great pleaſure. Mrs. Howard inſiſted upon alighting when the coach ſtopped, that ſhe might be introduced to me, for I had haſtened to the door to receive my mother. She ſaluted me ten-

derly; ſaid ſome very civil things, and took leave of us; having firſt made us promiſe to dine with her the next day, and to name the hour when we choſe the coach ſhould come for us. But little did I imagine the influence this viſit was to have over my future fortunes.

THE coach came for us at the appointed time, and carried us to a ſmall, but elegant building. The grounds about it were laid out with a beautiful ſimplicity, and the apartments all furniſhed in the ſame taſte.

MRS. HOWARD received us with an eaſy politeneſs, which ſoon baniſhed the idea of being but the acquaintance of a day. When we were ſummoned to the dining parlour, we found there no other company but one gentleman, who by his dreſs we knew to be an officer, whom Mr. Howard introduced to us as his kinſman.

THIS was Mr. Neville, my dear Maria, now the huſband of your Euphemia. His age ſeemed to be about thirty; he was well bred, talked ſenſibly, and had ſomething very gracious and inſinuating in his manner, which, I know not how it was, had not the ſame effect upon me that it had upon moſt other perſons, on whom it generally produced a favourable prepoſſeſſion.

ALTHOUGH I could perceive I had attracted his notice, his eyes being almoſt conſtantly fixed on me, and following all my motions, yet his attentions were chiefly directed to my mother; he ſat next her at table, and ſerved her with every thing in the moſt polite and obliging manner imaginable. We walked in the gardens after dinner; he kept cloſe by my mother, whom he prevailed upon to lean on his arm, and entertained her with all the gallantry of an admirer, yet with all the reſpect and reverence of a ſon. My mother was quite pleaſed with

him; he ſeemed ſolicitous to gain her good opinion, and frequently threw out ſentiments which did prodigious honour to his heart.

My mother was greatly ſtruck with one thing he ſaid, which ſhe declared was worthy of Socrates himſelf. Having, upon ſome inſtance of his obliging aſſiduity, complimented him upon his politeneſs, Mrs. Howard ſaid, with a ſmile, 'I do aſſure you, Madam, Mr. 'Neville is a general favourite.'

'I PROTEST to you, Madam,' replied Mr. Neville, 'I do not think I have 'any reaſon to be vain of ſuch a com-'mendation; the favour of the multi-'tude is ſeldom procured by honeſt and 'lawful means. I aſpire indeed to the 'approbation of the few, for I do not 'number voices, but weigh them.'

'PRAY,' ſaid Mrs. Benſon, when my mother repeated this ſpeech to her, 'how

'how old is this ſententious gentleman?' My mother replied, 'that ſhe believed 'he was under thirty.' 'Ah!' replied ſhe, 'a philoſopher of that age will al-'ways be ſuſpected by me; theſe fine 'ſayings come more from the head than 'the heart.'

'YOUR ſatire is too keen, my dear 'Benſon,' ſaid my mother, 'it is eaſy 'to perceive you are out of humour with 'the world; but having no reaſon to be 'ſo on your own account, I muſt place 'it to your friendſhip for me, who am 'ſo uneaſily ſituated in it; however, 'Fortune may juſtify herſelf for having 'favoured me ſo little, for I am ſure I 'never courted her.'

'BUT I would fain know,' ſaid Mrs. Benſon, 'what my young pupil here 'thinks of this grave young gentle-'man?'

MY

'My mama thinks well of him,' ſaid I, 'her judgment ought to be a guide 'to mine; but if I may be permitted to 'ſpeak my ſentiments, I think the air of 'his countenance and the graciouſneſs of 'his manner, are not of a piece; his 'ſmiles are rather forbidding than con-'ciliating, and do not ſeem calculated 'to invite confidence in the goodneſs of 'his temper.'

'Upon my word,' ſaid my mother, half ſmiling, 'Mrs. Benſon ſeems to 'have infuſed part of her ſpirit in you; 'but my dear,' purſued ſhe in a grave tone, 'I wiſh he were your huſband; I 'am perſuaded he would make you 'happy; and to ſee you ſettled, is all 'the wiſh I have on this ſide heaven.'

'Dear Madam,' ſaid I, a little diſ-concerted, 'the gentleman has no 'thought of me.' 'I do not know that,' replied my mother, 'I am ſure he took 'a very particular notice of you; and as

'he

'he ſeems to be a man of much worth and 'honour, it would make me happy to 'leave you under ſuch a protection.'

THIS laſt thought affected me with a tender concern; and made Mrs. Benſon look grave. We changed the diſcourſe; but my mother often mentioned Mr. Neville, ſtill finding ſomething in his manners and behaviour to ground a good opinion of his morals on.

HE called the next day to enquire after our health, but only left his name, without ſtaying to be aſked in, which afforded my mother new matter for praiſe, as his modeſty ſeemed in this inſtance to be equal to his politeneſs.

IT ſoon became a cuſtom to dine every Sunday with Mrs. Howard, who carried us home with her from church, and we were always ſure to find Mr. Neville there. His behaviour to me was now particular enough to be obſerved by every

every body. Mrs. Howard, railing me on my conqueſt, was pleaſed to ſay, 'there are few men worthy of you, but, 'in point of birth or fortune, Mr. Neville is no improper match. On the 'death of his uncle, who is now ſeventy, 'he will ſucceed to an eſtate of eight hundred a year; he is likely to riſe in the 'army, and his own fortune, which is 'about five thouſand pounds, is, I believe, ſtill entire, as I never heard he 'was addicted to any extravagance.'

My mother was very well pleaſed with this account of his circumſtances. 'Such an eſtabliſhment for my daughter,' ſaid ſhe to Mrs. Benſon, 'is in 'her ſituation not to be rejected, eſpecially when the man is ſo worthy.'

Mrs. Benſon, who knew how little I was diſpoſed to become a wife, and did not perhaps think ſo highly of Mr. Neville's good qualities as my mother did, ſhewed no great ſatisfaction at Mr. Neville's

ville's addreſſes, and wiſhed the affair not to be hurried on too faſt.

'IT is dangerous,' ſaid ſhe, 'to enter the ſtate of marriage raſhly, and by 'the conduct of fortune; all the eyes 'that prudence hath, are not too many 'to ſerve as a guide in this buſineſs; for 'errors are mortal, where repentance is 'unprofitable.'

SHE ſometimes expreſſed her ſurpriſe to me at my mother's earneſtneſs to conclude this affair. Alas! the motive ſoon became too obvious; her health was declining faſt, her anxiety for me preyed upon her ſpirits; I could often obſerve her look at me earneſtly for a minute till her eyes filled with tears, and then ſhe would haſtily turn away to conceal her emotion.

MR. NEVILLE's behaviour, all this time, was ſo tender, ſo obliging, ſo eager to do us little ſervices, ſo attentive to my mother,

mother, ſo paſſionate, yet ſo reſpectful to me, that he even brought over Mrs. Benſon, in ſome degree, to his party. She would ſometimes tell me, that ſince I was abſolutely certain his addreſſes to me were not actuated by any motives of intereſt, I owed him ſome gratitude for the ſincerity of his affection.

My mother's illneſs now increaſed ſo faſt upon her, as to fill us with the moſt dreadful apprehenſions; the phyſicians acknowledged they thought her caſe dangerous. I paſſed my days, and the greateſt part of my nights, by her bedſide, indulging my tears in her intervals of reſt—for I carefully concealed from her the agonizing fears that filled my mind.

Mr. Neville, on this occaſion, ſhewed all the tenderneſs of a ſon, and all the ſympathy of the moſt cordial friendſhip.

'Oh!

'OH! that you could love this man,' ſaid my mother to me one day, 'what 'ſatisfaction would it give me to leave 'you under his protection; for indeed, 'my dear child,' purſued ſhe, 'I have 'reaſon to think my anxiety for you is 'one of the chief ſources of my illneſs.'

I STARTED from the chair where I was ſitting, I threw myſelf on my knees at her bed-ſide, and bathing the dear hand ſhe held out to me with my tears, 'My dear mama,' ſaid I, 'why, oh! 'why did you not explain yourſelf be-'fore? could you doubt my ready obe-'dience to your will?'

'IN this caſe, my Euphemia,' ſaid ſhe, 'I would exact nothing from 'your obedience; my wiſh went no far-'ther than that you could love Mr. Ne-'ville. Your good opinion of him I 'am ſure he has.'

'HE

'He has, Madam,' ſaid I, 'and I 'will teach my heart to love him, ſince 'he is your choice, and ſince the peace 'of your mind depends upon my being 'ſettled; ſhould my compliance reſtore 'you to your health, I ſhall be the hap-'pieſt of human beings.'

'And to ſee you happy,' ſaid my mother, 'is all my wiſh upon earth; 'I am perſuaded Mr. Neville will make 'you ſo, provided you have no diſlike to 'him.'

'How is it poſſible, Madam,' ſaid I, 'that I can have any diſlike to a per-'ſon for whom you have ſo great a re-'gard? Doubt not but I ſhall love 'Mr. Neville, when it is my duty ſo to 'do; and I will make it my duty when-'ever you pleaſe to command me.'

'My dear child,' ſaid my mother, 'Heaven will, I doubt not, reward you 'for this, as well as every other inſtance 'of

'of your filial piety. From a young 'woman of your reſerved and delicate 'turn of mind, I expected no ſudden 'attachment, no romantic flights of 'paſſion; but I am well aſſured, that 'the man whom your judgment ap-'proves, will, when entitled to your af-'fection, poſſeſs it entirely.'

FROM that day my mother began to be not only compoſed, but cheerful; the eaſy ſtate of her mind had ſuch a powerful effect upon her health, that in a few days ſhe left her bed, and her recovery ſeemed no longer doubtful.

MR. NEVILLE received my conſent with tranſports that ſeemed to border, I thought, upon madneſs, and rather frighted than pleaſed me. He aſked his uncle's conſent for form's ſake, which was neither granted nor refuſed; for the old gentleman, who was not ſatisfied with his conduct in general, had long ceaſed to trouble himſelf about his affairs;

fairs; and it was thought, that his diſguſt had riſen to ſuch a height, that if he could have diſinherited him, he would certainly have done it.

MR. NEVILLE's ſecurity on this point was perhaps one cauſe of the little care he took to conciliate him.

MY mother made no reflections to the diſadvantage of Mr. Neville on account of this coolneſs between him and his relation; for there are times when ſome perſons are always in the right. We were married; and my huſband, in about a fortnight afterwards, carried me to a genteel houſe in Hill-ſtreet, which he had taken ready furniſhed for my reception.

THE parting with my mother, whoſe ſtate of health did not permit her to live in London, would have been very grievous to me, if I had not been enabled to viſit her conſtantly every day; for, among

among other articles of expence which I did not expect, from the very moderate income my husband possessed at present, I had a chariot and servants in elegant liveries. My mother gently hinted her fears, that his great fondness for me would, in the œconomy of his house and appearance, make him consider rather the affluence in which I had been bred, than the humble condition to which fortune had reduced me.

I HAVE heard it observed, that it is common for persons who are conscious that they have done things deserving of blame, to answer their own thoughts, rather than what is said to them. Mr. Neville, therefore, hastily replied, 'I 'have no intention to mislead my Eu- 'phemia into an opinion that I am richer 'than I really am. I never deceived her 'with regard to my present circumstan- 'ces, nor my future prospects; what you 'object to was not done to cast a mist 'before her eyes.'

'My

'My dear ſon,' ſaid my mother, haſtily interrupting him, 'how vaſtly 'do you miſtake my meaning. You are 'incapable of deceit; but you are alſo 'incapable of reflecting, that your wife 'having brought you no fortune, has 'no claim to any increaſe of expence be-'yond conveniences.'

My huſband's countenance now cleared up, and this ſhort debate ended with a kind compliment to me, which I was pleaſed with, becauſe it gave her ſatisfaction.

Mr. Neville, however, had deceived ſeveral of his friends, and Mrs. Howard in particular, with regard to his circumſtances, and conſequently my mother; for of his own fortune, which was five thouſand pounds, the greateſt part was ſpent. He had commanded a company of foot in a regiment which was lately reduced, and his half-pay was almoſt all he had to ſubſiſt on. Without reflecting

ing upon the cauſes of diſguſt he had given his uncle, he hoped that upon his marriage, an event which he had often wiſhed for, he would have made him a decent allowance out of an eſtate which muſt one day be his, and of which he did not ſpend the half upon himſelf; but in this he was diſappointed; after many fruitleſs endeavours to ſoften his uncle, he took a ſudden reſolution (for his reſolutions are always ſudden) to extricate himſelf from his difficulties by going abroad; and fortune, on this occaſion, favoured his deſigns.

A YOUNG gentleman, who was appointed firſt Lieutenant to one of the independent companies in New-York, having no inclination to leave England, entered eagerly into a propoſal Mr. Neville made him, to exchange this commiſſion for his Captain's half-pay; and having very conſiderable intereſt, the affair was ſoon accompliſhed. Mr. Neville,

ville, who has very high notions of the prerogatives of a huſband, and doubtleſs foreſeeing the oppoſition I ſhould make to this ſcheme, never deigned to conſult me upon it. Little did I expect the ſtorm that was ready to burſt upon my head; when one evening, having ſtaid later than uſual with my mother, on my return I found him at home, very buſy at his eſcrutore looking over papers, and ſettling accounts.

After ſome enquiries concerning my mother's health, he aſked me abruptly, 'if I ſhould like to travel?' I ſaid, 'I 'ſhould like it extremely in certain cir-'cumſtances.' 'And pray what are 'theſe certain circumſtances, my dear?' ſaid he. 'Why,' replied I, 'a full purſe, 'and my mother's company.' 'I 'cannot promiſe for either,' ſaid he; 'and yet I believe we muſt travel.' He ſaid this with ſo grave a look and accent, that although I could hardly think him

in

in earneſt, yet I was ſtrangely alarmed; and I aſked him, with ſome emotion, 'what he meant?'

'I MEAN what I ſay,' replied he, 'that we muſt go abroad, my dear; it 'is abſolutely neceſſary.'

'ABSOLUTELY neceſſary to go abroad!' I repeated, trembling, and ſcarce able to ſpeak.

'IT is really as I tell you,' ſaid he, without taking notice of the diſorder I was in. 'My uncle is incorrigible, he 'will make no addition to my income, 'which is too ſmall to ſupport you pro-'perly. I am beſides incumbered with 'ſome debts, which, without his aſſiſt-'ance, I am not able to pay; and he has 'had the cruelty to refuſe me a few hun-'dreds, which would have ſet me at 'eaſe. Fortunately an opportunity of-'fers, which will enable me to extricate 'myſelf from theſe difficulties without

'his help. I have made an advantage-
'ous exchange with an officer who was
'going to New-York. It is one of the
'fineſt of our American provinces; the
'climate is delightful, the air healthy,
'the people poliſhed; all the luxuries
'of life are there more eaſily purchaſed
'than common neceſſaries here. There
'will be no great hardſhip in paſſing
'three or four years there. My un-
'cle's death will be the period of our
'baniſhment, if you will have me call it
'ſo: his age and infirmities ſcarce
'make it probable that he can laſt
'long; we will then return to Eng-
'land.'

All the time he was ſpeaking, I ſat with my hands folded, and my eyes fixed on the ground, in an agony of thought. He pauſed, as if expecting me to anſwer him.

'You ſay nothing to me, Euphemia,' ſaid he at length. 'You think it a

'hardſhip,

'hardſhip, no doubt, to follow a huſ-
'band who has given you ſuch uncom-
'mon proofs of his affection.'

'OH! my dear mother,' cried I, 'am I to be torn from you, at a time 'when my attendance on you is ſo neceſ-
'ſary?'

'YOUR mother will go with us, per-
'haps,' ſaid he. 'The voyage is not ſo
'long a one as you imagine; they often
'run it in leſs than three weeks.'

'I CHARGE you,' interrupted I, riſing haſtily, and holding him as if he was going that inſtant to my mother, 'I 'charge you, do not carry this dreadful 'news to my mother; you will kill her; 'ſhe will not ſurvive the parting with 'me. Alas! was it for this'—I pauſed.

'Go on,' ſaid Mr. Neville, 'was it 'for this you married? I know to whom 'I was obliged for your reluctant conſent.'

THIS was a ſad thought.—Agitated as I was with other griefs, I perceived inſtantly all the inconveniencies this notion, if it took too deep root, would bring upon me: but it was not poſſible for me to eradicate it, without deſcending to the meanneſs of falſehood; my ſoul was unacquainted with thoſe emotions, which, on this occaſion, would have ſuggeſted profeſſions of fondneſs and attachment, ſuch as he perhaps expected. I anſwered, therefore, with great ſimplicity, 'It is true, Sir, 'you were my mother's choice; I never 'had any other will but her's, and her 'choice regulated mine; but I would 'not have married an emperor, if by 'that marriage I ſhould have been 'obliged to leave her.'

'WELL,' anſwered he, careleſsly, 'I 'believe your mother will be the only 'rival I ſhall ever have in your affec-'tions: we muſt endeavour to prevail 'upon her to go with us. But pray,'

purſued

purſued he, in a kinder accent, 'com-
'poſe yourſelf; this ſeparation is yet too
'diſtant to occaſion all this uneaſi-
'neſs.'

'But ſtill it is certain,' ſaid I; 'is
'it not ſo?'

'I am afraid it is,' he replied. 'My
'affairs are in ſuch perplexity, that it
'muſt be ſo.'

At this deciſive word my tears flowed afreſh. His patience (for, alas! he has but a ſmall ſhare of that uſeful quality) ſeemed now exhauſted; he roſe up, and taking his hat, told me, he was obliged to go out, and hoped when he returned to find me in a better humour.

I was not ſorry to be left alone, that I might give free vent to my tears. But ſcarce had I paſſed a few minutes in this ſad employment, when my ſervant informed me a gentleman from Lord S.

desired to speak with me. This nobleman, my dear Maria, was a relation of my mother's, and was my god-father, as I believe you have heard me say. He was but very lately returned from the Continent, where he had spent two years in search of health, which, however, he had not found; as his letter, which his gentleman now delivered to me, informed me. He expressed great concern for my father's death, and the situation in which he had left my mother and me; wished me happy in my marriage, and desired my acceptance of five hundred pounds as a nuptial present, lamenting his inability to do more for me; which indeed I knew to be true, as he had but a small estate, and several children to provide for.

My surprise at this unexpected piece of good fortune, at a time when I was overwhelmed with despair, was so great, that the letter fell out of my hands, and the

the bank-notes encloſed in it were ſcattered about the room. My ſoul was filled with joy and gratitude; in this providential relief I felt, I acknowledged the gracious hand of Heaven! It was with difficulty I could compoſe myſelf to write a few lines to my kind benefactor; and, when I ſent for his meſſenger to deliver my billet to him myſelf, the tranſport I was in might eaſily be read in my countenance. Delivered from my fears of being ſeparated from my mother, by being thus enabled to ſupply the neceſſities of my huſband, I felt as if a mountain was removed from my breaſt. I expected his return with inconceivable impatience; and as ſoon as he entered the room I flew eagerly to him.

'My dear Mr. Neville,' ſaid I, delivering him the letter with the notes, 'ſee how Providence has interpoſed to 'prevent a ſeparation, that would have 'given death to my mother, and made

'me miſerable. Theſe ſums will, I 'hope, be ſufficient to ſet you at eaſe, 'and make it unneceſſary for you to go 'abroad.'

He read the letter, and examined the notes.—'It muſt be confeſſed,' ſaid he coldly, 'this is a fortunate circumſtance, 'conſidering your great unwillingneſs 'to leave England.—Well, Euphemia, 'I hope you will now be eaſy, ſince 'you have your wiſh.' I ſaw he expected I ſhould thank him for his ready acquieſcence to my will; and by this piece of policy he eſcaped what to him would have been a very great mortification—the appearance of being under any obligation to me or my friends. My anſwer was calculated to pleaſe him, and I left him the next day in very good humour, in order to viſit my mother.

My heart was light, and the inward ſatisfaction I felt gave ſuch an air of cheerfulneſs

cheerfulneſs to my countenance, that upon my entering my mother's apartment ſhe took notice of it. Holding out her hand to me, which I kiſſed, 'May I 'always ſee you,' ſaid ſhe, 'with this 'contented air; and may you never 'have reaſon to be otherwiſe!'

ALAS! how ſoon was my cheerfulneſs to be overcaſt; I felt her hand intenſely hot. I fixed my eager looks upon her face; the alteration I perceived there froze me with terror. 'I have had but 'an indifferent night, but I am better 'now,' ſaid ſhe, forcing a ſmile to diſſipate my apprehenſions.

MRS. Benſon that moment entered the room: in the fixed concern that was viſible in her face I read my impending misfortune. She was followed by the phyſician; but from him I could collect no comfort: he even acknowledged to me that my mother was in great danger. Shall I attempt to deſcribe my

feelings to you on this occaſion? Oh! no, it is impoſſible to give you an idea of my diſtreſs. I had ſent back the carriage to town, which returned again immediately with Mr. Neville, who had been informed, by a billet from Mrs. Benſon, of my mother's ſituation.

THE moſt dutiful, the moſt affectionate of ſons, could not have behaved otherwiſe than he did: and I have the comfort to reflect, that my mother, to the laſt moment of her life, was fully perſuaded that I was perfectly happy in the choice ſhe had made for me.

I LEFT her no more after this day, nor ever parted from her bed-ſide a moment while ſhe lived. I had command enough over myſelf to ſuppreſs my ſighs and tears, that I might not interrupt that ſaint-like compoſure with which ſhe waited for her diſſolution. All the moments that were not ſpent in her devotions, ſhe employed in conſoling,

ing, fortifying, and inſtructing me. With the moſt pathetic ſweetneſs ſhe recommended me to my huſband's care. She intreated Mrs. Benſon to continue her friendſhip for me; and heard, with great ſatisfaction, her promiſe never to forſake me. She talked ſenſibly, ſhe reaſoned juſtly, to the laſt moment of her life. It was not more than a quarter of an hour before ſhe died, when, faintly preſſing my hand, which ſhe held in her's, and looking earneſtly on me,— 'It has been ſaid,' ſaid ſhe, 'with more 'wit than truth, that virtue was the moſt 'beautiful and the moſt unprofitable 'thing in the world. Can that be called 'unprofitable which, when ſupported by ..., give a 'calm like this?' My heart, ſunk as it was with ſorrow, caught the enthuſiaſm of her words.

'Oh!' cried I, lifting up my ſwimming eyes to Heaven, 'may I die the 'death of the righteous, and may my 'latter

'latter end be like their's!'—A ſmile of joy beamed over her countenance, now beginning to be overſpread with the dark ſhades of death—once more I felt the faint preſſure of her hand, now cold and clammy, and withdrawing from mine.—To the laſt moment ſhe kept her eyes fixed upon me — then, gently cloſing them, her head ſunk upon my boſom, and with one ſoft ſigh ſhe breathed out her pure and innocent ſoul.

HERE let me draw a veil over the ſad ſcene that enſued.—My huſband carried me in his arms, and put me into the chariot, where I continued without ſenſe or motion till we arrived at our own houſe. I had no reaſon to complain of his behaviour to me on this occaſion; it was tender, affectionate, and aſſiduous, and filled my heart with the warmeſt ſentiments of gratitude.

MRS. Benſon came in the evening, and ſpent two hours with me; and then returned

returned to watch by the dear remains of her friend and benefactreſs. Lord S. deſired to be at the expence of the funeral, which was performed in a manner ſuitable to her birth and happier fortunes.—She lies in the family vault at ——————. Oh, my Maria, I muſt pauſe here for a while; when I can detach my thoughts from this affecting ſubject, I will continue my narration.

As ſoon as I was recovered from a dangerous fever, with which I was ſeized immediately after the death of my mother, Lord S. inſiſted upon my paſſing a few weeks at his country-ſeat with his lady and daughters. Mr. Neville was alſo invited; but he pleaded buſineſs in town that required his attendance, and contented himſelf with ſometimes coming to paſs a day or two with us.

When I returned to town, I found Mrs. Benſon had, with the concurrence of my huſband, ſettled all my mother's affairs. She had taken lodgings in the ſame ſtreet where I lived, that ſhe might be near me: and, now my mind being a little more compoſed, I thought it neceſſary to repreſent to Mr. Neville, that in the preſent ſtate of our circumſtances, prudence required we ſhould adopt ſome plan of living leſs expenſive, and more ſuitable to our income. I took care to avoid giving this diſcourſe the air of advice; I even complimented his tenderneſs, by aſcribing to that motive the figure we had hitherto made, which I ſaid I was by no means intitled to.

Mr. Neville, as uſual, anſwered his own thoughts—'I ſuppoſe,' ſays he, 'you think it ſtrange that I have not 'yet acquainted you with the manner 'in which I have diſpoſed of your five 'hundred

'hundred pounds; but the time has not
'been favourable for ſuch diſcuſſions.'

'ALAS! no,' ſaid I, burſting into tears at the ſad remembrance he excited by theſe laſt words. — 'And perhaps,' purſued he, 'I have now introduced 'this ſubject unſeaſonably; if you pleaſe 'we will talk no more of it at preſent.'

IT was not long, however, before he renewed it himſelf.—'I cannot ſubmit 'to alter my mode of living,' ſaid he; 'and I cannot continue it without in-'volving myſelf in difficulties—there is 'no help for it—we muſt go abroad.— 'If your mother had lived, I ſhould 'have found it very difficult to have 'mentioned this to you again; but as it 'is, I think you can have no objection 'to changing the ſcene for a few years.'

MY ſurpriſe and confuſion were ſo great at this unexpected declaration, that I continued ſilent for ſome moments;

ments; during which his countenance was marked with ſo much impatience, that I thought proper to tell him, I would endeavour to overcome the reluctance I had to quit my native country, and thoſe few friends which the wreck of my fortunes had left me; but he muſt permit me to ſay, 'that I wiſh 'this hard taſk had not been impoſed 'upon me.'—'He ſaid, that it was 'impoſſible for him to break through his 'engagement, without bringing ſuch a 'ſtain upon his honour, as could never 'be wiped off.'—'Since that is the caſe,' I replied, 'I have nothing more to ſay;' and from that moment I have never ſuffered him to perceive that I had any reluctance to this voyage.

My dear Mrs. Benſon goes with me. She has nothingdearer, ſhe ſays, than me in the world; and no claims upon her that ſhould hinder her from keeping the promiſe ſhe made to my mother never to forſake me.

Mr.

Mr. Neville ſeems to approve of her deſign; I ſay *ſeems*, becauſe he never heartily approves of any thing that he is not the firſt mover of himſelf.

You are now, my dear Maria, informed of all thoſe circumſtances of my life which led to my preſent ſituation. Some particulars I wiſh, indeed, may be known to none but yourſelf; for, when I diſcover ſecrets to you, I think I hide them. Adieu.

Euphemia Neville.

LETTER

LETTER XIII.

MISS HARLEY TO MRS. NEVILLE.

MY DEAR EUPHEMIA,

WHAT an affecting narrative is your's? If Nature herſelf could ſpeak, ſhe could not make uſe of more ſignificant terms. You are above all praiſe; therefore, without incurring the guilt of making you vain, I may venture to tell you how we talk of you here in our ſet. 'She is a woman,' ſaid Mr. Greville, 'either lifted up by her own 'ſtrength above the paſſions of her ſex, 'or Nature hath exempted her from 'them by a peculiar privilege.'—'Miſs Lumley,' ſaid my uncle, 'is indeed a 'wonderful young woman; ſhe had an 'excellent monitreſs in her mother; and 'ſhe has profited well, both by her 'leſſons

'leſſons and example. Young as ſhe 'is, ſhe is ſtrict in the performance of 'all her duties, yet ſhe affects no pecu-'liar gravity in her aſpect and manners, 'but tempers her reſerve with ſo much 'ſweetneſs, that, without endeavouring 'to pleaſe any, ſhe pleaſes all the world.'

HAD any perſons been preſent at this diſcourſe, who were ignorant of my ſentiments for you, they might have judged, from my ſilence and diſcontented air, that I was envious of your praiſes. This is the friend, thought I, I muſt loſe; and ſhe, of whom hardly any man can be worthy, muſt follow one, who aſſuredly cannot be ranked among the beſt, to the wilds of America.

I AM afraid you will be angry with me, my Euphemia, for theſe impatient repinings, and for profiting ſo little by the example you ſet me; but you well know, that there are ſome of us of ſuch ſpirits, that neither time nor philoſophy

philoſophy can work upon us; while there are others again, who prevent the work of time and philoſophy by their own natural diſpoſition.

We are going to ſpend a week at Mr. Greville's: he ſets out to-day, to prepare for our reception, and two days afterwards we are to follow him. My chief pleaſure there, as well as here, will be writing to you. I hope to have a letter from you before we leave the Hall. Adieu, my dear friend.

Maria Harley.

LETTER

LETTER XIV.

MRS. NEVILLE TO MISS HARLEY.

YESTERDAY Mr. Neville told me he had been to pay his reſpects to Colonel Bellenden, whoſe firſt lieutenant he now is, and who is appointed commander of the forces ſtationed at New York under the governor, who, it ſeems, is captain-general. The colonel introduced him to his lady and daughters: he was greatly pleaſed with his reception; and, having deſired leave to preſent me to Mrs. Bellenden, and the young ladies, we received a polite invitation to dine there to-day, which we accepted.

Mr. Neville is much out of humour that, being ſtill in mourning for my dear mother, I cannot appear with eclat; that is his expreſſion in this my firſt viſit. He takes upon him to judge what ornaments I may wear with propriety, and has actually laid out my jewels, which, he ſays, will receive additional luſtre from my ſable habit.

It has been obſerved, that obſtinate perſons are ever moſt obſtinate in error. Unhappily I experience the truth of this obſervation every day, on ſome occaſion or other. When Mr. Neville has once given his opinion, however erroneous it may be, it is impoſſible by argument to ſet him right, for reaſon itſelf would ſeem to be wrong if it is not of his ſide. I was ſadly perplexed; for I ſaw nothing but determined oppoſition would ſave me from an abſurdity, and upon this I could not reſolve; when, fortunately for me, he took it into his head to make an appeal to Mrs. Benſon, who

ſat

ſat ſmiling all the time, without meddling in the diſpute. But firſt, he endeavoured, by a long ſpeech, to convince her, that what he propoſed was the fitteſt thing in the world to be done.

'I KNOW not who it is,' ſaid Mrs. Benſon, very gravely, 'who ſays that 'eloquence is that powerful, efficacious, 'and dangerous gift, alike capable of 'perſuading both to what is right and 'what is wrong. There is no anſwering 'your arguments, that is certain; but 'you are too gallant not to yield up this 'point to Mrs. Neville, ſince the article 'of dreſs is entirely her own affair.'— 'Oh, to be ſure,' ſaid Mr. Neville, 'ſhe 'is at liberty to dreſs as ſhe pleaſes; I 'only wanted to convince her I was 'right in what I propoſed;—but I am 'ſatisfied if you think me ſo.'

HE was indeed ſatisfied with the compliment Mrs. Benſon paid to his eloquence, yet he could not help, now and

then, returning to the charge, with—'How plainly you are dreſſed, my dear; 'if you would but add a few ornaments 'you would look much better.'—I conſtantly replied with a ſmile, 'Have you 'not ſaid I ſhould dreſs as I pleaſe?'—'Oh, to be ſure, to be ſure,' he cried, 'I ſhall never contradict you;'—and the next moment, 'Certainly, my dear, you 'might wear diamond ear-rings, at 'leaſt.'——But I ſee the chariot at the door—my huſband is coming to fetch me. I proteſt he ſurveys me with a look of diſapprobation; I muſt remind him of the compliment Mrs. Benſon paid him to put him in a good humour again. Farewel, my dear Maria, I will give you an account of our new acquaintance when we return, if we are not kept too late.

TEN O'CLOCK.

WE are juſt come home. — Mr. Neville is engaged with a gentleman in the parlour, who having buſineſs with him, waited his return; ſo I have an hour before ſupper, which I ſhall devote to you, my dear Maria, to acquit myſelf of my promiſe.

WE were ſet down at a handſome houſe in St. James's Square, and ſhewn into a genteel drawing-room; into which, immediately afterwards, came Mrs. Bellenden, followed by three young ladies, her daughters. Mrs. Bellenden is about-five-and forty years of age, or ſomething more. She has, in her youth, been handſome, though her complexion is brown, for her features are regular and pleaſing, and her eyes remarkably fine. She is well made; her motions perfectly genteel; and, in her beha-

viour, ſhe has all that eaſy politeneſs which diſtinguiſhes perſons in a certain rank of life. After ſaluting me with a mixture of ceremony and cordiality, both as a ſtranger, and one with whom an intimate connection was likely ſoon to take place, ſhe preſented her three daughters to me by name.

Miss Bellenden, the eldeſt, is about two-and-twenty, tall, and well-ſhaped, and may doubtleſs be called a good figure: yet her proportions are not fine, and her motions want grace. She is reckoned extremely handſome, Mr. Neville ſays; and it is certain that ſhe has a fine complexion, and very regular features; but they are merely regular, cold and inſipid. Her eyes are not animated with any thing but motion, and ſo totally devoid of expreſſion, that they may more properly be ſaid to ſee than to look. She made me a ſhort compliment, which gave me an opportunity of obſerving, that the tones of her voice

voice are unpleaſing, and her expreſſion confuſed.

Louisa, the ſecond daughter, reſembles her eldeſt ſiſter in the delicacy of her complexion, and the air of her features; but has greatly the advantage of her in the elegance of her form, which has beſides more dignity in it than I ever remember to have ſeen in one ſo young. This young lady is about fifteen; ſhe ſeems grave and reſerved; and returned my ſalute with a deep curtſey, without ſcarce raiſing her eyes.

Clara, the youngeſt daughter, is about fourteen, all life, ſoul and ſenſibility. She appeared, in her impatience to ſalute me, almoſt ready to prevent her mother, who introduced her in her turn. The ſame powerful ſympathy drew me towards her; I could ſcarcely help embracing her tenderly; but I checked this involuntary emotion, and confined myſelf to form. How ſhall I

give you an idea of this amiable girl, whoſe lovelineſs is rather felt than ſeen, how paint the ever-varying charms of a countenance which is never the ſame for three minutes together, yet pleaſing in every change. She is not thought ſo handſome as either of her ſiſters, her complexion being leſs fair, and her features not ſo delicate. Her eyes, however, are the fineſt in the world; large, dark, full of fire, full of ſoftneſs: languiſhing, yet bright; lively yet tender: ſo full of expreſſion, that it is ſcarce neceſſary for her to ſpeak, the intelligence of her looks conveying her thoughts as diſtinctly as her words. The make of her face is genteel, and her ſmile bewitching. She does not promiſe to be quite ſo tall as her eldeſt ſiſter, nor to equal her ſecond in the dignity of her perſon; but ſhe excels them both in the elegance and ſymmetry of her form. Her voice, in ſpeaking, is ſo ſweet, ſo modulated, that it is a kind of oratory in itſelf, and perſuades

ſuades as much as her words. She continued to ſit near me the whole day, which gave me great pleaſure.

In about half an hour after our arrival, Colonel Bellenden entered the room. With an air of eaſy dignity he apoligized to us for not being able to join us ſooner, having been detained at the coffee-houſe by ſome perſons of buſineſs. It is impoſſible, my dear Maria, to look upon this gentleman without feeling for him, even at firſt ſight, love, eſteem, and reverence. He has a fine figure, a noble air, a moſt engaging countenance, in which every virtue that adorns the human heart is apparent. He is not a man of letters, having, as he told us, been a ſoldier from the age of fourteen; but nature has given him an excellent underſtanding. He talks little, but that little is always to the purpoſe; and he poſſeſſes ſo much natural grace, that all he ſays and does is pleaſing.

SUCH, my Maria, is the family with whom I am to make a voyage to the New World; and, I believe, you will not think I ſhall find it a difficult matter to paſs my time agreeably with them.

WHEN tea was announced, we returned to the drawing-room, leaving the two gentlemen to their wine. Miſs Bellenden then drawing her chair near me, ſaid in a low voice, and a half ſigh—

'Do you know, Madam, when this 'terrible voyage is to take place?'— 'Not exactly, Madam,' I replied; 'but 'I am ſorry to find you are ſo much 'afraid of the ſea.'

'OH dear, no,' ſaid ſhe, 'I am not 'afraid of the ſea, I never thought 'about it; but I am very ſorry to leave 'England.'

'OH,

'OH,' ſaid Clara, 'we ſhall find Lon-'don in every place where there are 'balls, and concerts, and aſſemblies, 'and plays.'—And who tells you,' ſaid Miſs Bellenden, 'that there are any 'ſuch things in the ſtrange part of the 'world to which we are going?'

'YOUR ſiſter may have heard ſo 'from me,' ſaid Mrs. Bellenden, 'who ſeemed anxious to quiet her daughter's mind about theſe matters. 'I have been 'told, by perſons who have reſided 'ſome years in the province of New-'York, that it is a very gay place, that 'the people are fond of polite amuſe-'ments, and are in general very well 'bred.' That laſt article, I found, had great weight with Mrs. Bellenden, for ſhe ſpoke it with an emphaſis.

'I AM informed too,' proceeded Mrs. Bellenden, 'that the air is pure, the 'climate agreeable, and the face of the 'country romantic and beautiful.'

'THEN Clara will be delighted with 'it,' ſaid Miſs Bellenden, 'for ſhe 'would rather wander in woods and 'groves, ſhe ſays, than mix in the 'moſt faſhionable aſſemblies; nay, I 'have known her prefer a walk in the 'moſt ſolitary part of Hyde-Park, where 'ſhe could ſee nothing but trees and 'graſs, than accompany me to the Mall, 'when it has been ſo crowded with per-'ſons of faſhion, that we could hardly 'move.' Here I obſerved Clara caſt down her eyes, and Miſs Louiſa ſmiling ſignificantly.

'Is ſolitude your taſte too, Miſs?' ſaid I. 'No, indeed, Madam,' ſaid ſhe, 'I 'like to be among perſons of faſhion; 'but not in ſuch a crowd as my ſiſter 'ſpeaks of; for then every body looks 'alike, and there is no diſtinction of 'perſons.'

FROM theſe lights, thus artleſsly held out, it was no difficult matter to diſcover

diſcover the different diſpoſitions of theſe young ladies; which were made ſtill plainer, by the manner in which their portraits are taken by the inimitable pencil of Sir Joſhua Reynolds, whoſe pieces are ſo full of mind, that you have the character, as well as form, of thoſe who ſit to him. But I am interrupted with a ſummons to ſupper; and as I ſhall not have an opportunity of filling up the remainder of my paper till to-morrow, I will here bid you good night.

MRS. NEVILLE, IN CONTINUATION.

THE Colonel and Mr. Neville having joined us, Mrs. Bellenden carried us into her dreſſing-room, to look at her daughters' pictures. 'I was reſolved,' ſaid ſhe, 'to have them drawn before 'we left England, and by our great 'artiſt; becauſe they are deſigned for 'preſents to ſome of their neareſt re-'lations.'

She then directed my eyes to the portrait of Miſs Bellenden, which was placed in the moſt cōnſpicuous part of the room. It is a whole-length, and finely executed. She is dreſſed for a maſquerade; her habit that of a Circaſſian Lady; ſhe holds her maſque in one hand, and, with the other, adjuſts a curl of her bright auburn hair, which ſeems falling on her ivory neck; her countenance expreſſes all the ſelf-complacency of conſcious beauty, and communicates to the ſpectator part of that pleaſure which ſhe herſelf feels in the contemplation of it.

While I was gazing attentively upon this finiſhed piece, Miſs Bellenden, who ſeemed impatient for my opinion, glided up to me, and ſaid in a loud whiſper, 'the painter has flattered me exceſſively; 'yet, I think, there is ſome reſemblance.'

Mr. Neville took the word, and, in a high ſtrain of compliment, expatiated upon

upon the beauties of the picture, and the ſkill of the artiſt.

Miss Bellenden ſmiled, and interrupting him at laſt, ſaid, 'but I would have 'Mrs. Neville's opinion.'

'The painter has done you juſtice, 'Madam,' ſaid I, 'and only juſtice.'

'Ah,' replied ſhe, 'I perceive you 'can compliment as well as your lord 'here.'

I left it to Mr. Neville to ſatisfy the lady's ſcruples about our veracity, and turned my eyes upon Miſs Louiſa's picture; her dreſs is a robe of pale blue ſattin, ornamented with feſtoons of flowers; her hair hangs in looſe ringlets upon her fine turned neck, and its luxurious growth about the forehead and temples is confined by a tiara of pearls; ſhe is repreſented ſtanding in a garden; her left arm leaning on a marble column; her

her right extended towards a beautiful little boy, as if to receive a ſmall baſket of flowers, which he offers her. Her attitude is extremely graceful, and calculated to mark the dignity of her form; ſhe ſmiles upon the child who preſents her with the flowers, who ſeems to have gathered them from a parterre at a diſtance, to which he points. There is a beautiful diſtinction between the flowers on her robe, and thoſe in the baſket: we ſee that the former are artificial, only becauſe they are contraſted with the others, which look like nature itſelf.

'You have gazed long enough,' ſaid the colonel, 'upon theſe two fine ladies; 'now let me have your opinion of my 'little paſtoral nymph here.' Miſs Louiſa, while we were looking at her picture, ſtood by with an air quite eaſy and unconcerned; and replied to our compliments no otherwiſe than by a reſpectful curtſey.

My attention was now fixed upon the picture of my young favourite; which, both for deſign and execution, is one of the moſt pleaſing pieces I ever ſaw. She is repreſented in a wood, and as juſt riſen from the foot of a ſpreading oak; her book, a large folio volume, lying near it; a young fawn, at a diſtance, ſeems haſtening to hide itſelf in a thicket; a length of ribband, which it trails along, ſhews that it has been her captive, and has made its eſcape; ſhe ſeems ſpringing forwards to recover it; a ſweet anxiety is expreſſed in her animated countenance; her hair is tied behind with a ribband, and floats in the wind. The admirable ſymmetry of her form is ſhewn to advantage by a thin white robe, which ſhe gathers up with one hand, that it may not impede her flight; the other ſhe holds out invitingly towards the little animal. I perceived the book was lettered on the back, it was Sidney's Arcadia; I ſmiled. 'That is 'a romance, is it not, Madam?' ſaid Mrs.

Mrs. Bellenden; 'Clara is very fond of 'thoſe ſort of books, too fond I think.' Clara bluſh'd, and ſeemed apprehenſive of more rebukes on this ſubject. 'It is 'a romance, Madam,' ſaid I, 'but it 'is a very ingenious work, and contains 'excellent leſſons of morality: it was 'wrote by one of the braveſt ſoldiers, 'and moſt accompliſhed gentlemen of 'the age he lived in; an age too, that 'was fruitful in great men.'

'I SEE you are an advocate for ro-'mances, Mrs. Neville,' ſaid Mrs. Bellenden, half grave, and half ſmiling, 'and indeed, you are ſtill of an age to 'reliſh them.' I ſmiled aſſentingly; and the Colonel leading me again to the drawing-room, the diſcourſe turned upon matters relating to our intended voyage, and the country we were going to, till it was time to take leave.

I AM apprehenſive this voyage will take place ſooner than I expected; but I could

could eaſily reconcile myſelf to all the difficulties of it, except parting with you, my dear Maria.—Alas! this is a ſubject I dare not truſt myſelf to write on.

THIS moment your ſhort letter (which to make amends for its ſhortneſs, it muſt be owned is very ſweet) is brought me. By laviſhing ſuch praiſes on me, you do me a favour no doubt, but I cannot ſay you do me juſtice; and you ſeem to have a deſign to pleaſe me at the hazard of offending truth. But you will tell me, theſe high commendations come from your uncle and Mr. Greville—'Tis well, I will rate them then at their juſt value; for do we not all know, my dear Maria, what politeneſs obliges men of wit and gallantry to, when ladies are the ſubjects of their panegyric?—but enough of this. Write to me ſoon; let me know all that paſſes in this little excurſion; every thing intereſts me that relates to you. Adieu.

EUPHEMIA NEVILLE.

LETTER XV.

MISS HARLEY TO MRS. NEVILLE.

MY DEAR EUPHEMIA,

IT is ſome comfort to me to reflect, that if you muſt take this hated voyage, the Bellenden family will afford you agreeable companions in it. Mr. Greville is well acquainted with the Colonel: he ſpeaks of him with a kind of enthuſiaſm. In the language of Pope, he cried out,

" A wit's a feather, a chief's a rod,
" An honeſt man's the nobleſt work of God."

'Colonel Bellenden,' ſaid he, 'is that 'nobleſt work; and to this truth the 'candid bear teſtimony by their words, 'and detractors by their ſilence.' I aſked him his opinion of the ladies.

'MRS.

'MRS. Bellenden,' he ſaid, 'by her 'politeneſs and attention to pleaſe, ſup-'plies, in ſome degree, the defect of 'her education; which being confined 'to mere accompliſhments, as they are 'called, has left the nobler powers of 'her mind uncultivated. She ſings well; 'ſhe dances finely; ſhe performs on the 'harpſichord with great ſkill; ſhe can 'carry on the ſmall talk of a tea-table in 'French; draws prettily; and is al-'lowed to ſhade her flowers in embroi-'dery extremely well; but her read-'ing has been wholly confined to her 'Pſalter and Bible, a few devotional 'tracts, and ſome ſermons; and, among 'profane authors, the Seven Cham-'pions of Chriſtendom, pamphlets, 'poems, and ſome other works of the 'ſame kind. She has a great contempt 'for what ſhe calls book-learning in 'women; and thinks chaſtity and good 'breeding, for ſo ſhe pairs them, the 'higheſt of female virtues. She is an 'obedient wife, a tender mother, and

'an

'an eaſy companion; is gentle in her 'cenſures of her acquaintance, except 'when they offend againſt the laws of 'modeſty, or the rules of ceremony, 'and then, it muſt be owned, ſhe is 'very ſevere.'

'YOUR characters,' ſaid I, 'ſeem to 'be drawn with ſo much ſkill, that I wiſh 'to have Miſs Bellenden's by the ſame 'hand. She will be the companion of 'my dear friend in a long voyage, and 'I ſhall be happy to know that ſhe will 'be an agreeable one.'

'I DO not,' ſaid Mr. Greville, 'think 'Miſs Bellenden qualified to be an 'agreeable companion to one of your 'friend's ſolid underſtanding: but ſhe 'is good-tempered, and will not give 'offence; ſhe is very handſome, and 'has no idea of any higher excellence in 'women than beauty; ſhe is greedy of 'admiration, and would be a coquet, 'if ſhe had wit enough to ſecure her 'conqueſts;

'conqueſts; but although nature directs 'her to throw the bait, and the gaudy 'fry often catch at it, yet ſhe has not 'ſkill enough to bring her prey to land; 'and they always eſcape her. Theſe diſ-'appointments affect her but little; for a 'conſtant ſucceſſion of new conqueſts 'keeps her in good humour with her 'own charms, and leaves her no leiſure 'to regret, that their effect is not 'laſting.'

'Her two ſiſters are too young to 'have any character yet; but they are both 'fine girls in their perſons; and Clara, 'the youngeſt, ſeems, I think, to give 'the promiſe of being ſuperior to the 'others, in the endowments of her 'mind.' 'My friend has found that out 'already,' ſaid I. 'Then,' replied Mr. Greville, 'I ſhall have ſome opi-'nion of my own penetration.'

My uncle this moment ſends to let me know that he is ready, and the car-

riage

riage is at the gate. We are to ſpend a week at leaſt at Mr. Greville's, and from thence my next letter will be dated, unleſs I ſhould find leiſure to write to you at the inn where my uncle puts up the firſt night. Ever, ever your's,

MARIA HARLEY.

LETTER

LETTER XVI.

MISS HARLEY TO MRS. NEVILLE.

Bell Inn.

HERE we are, my dear Euphemia, ſomewhat fatigued with our journey, for the roads were very heavy, and the day unpleaſant; and, to complete our diſſatisfaction, we met with ſome diſagreeable occurrences on our arrival at this place, which have had a ſurpriſing effect on my uncle's temper, and for which, at preſent, I can by no means account.

WHEN our carriage drove into the inn-yard, a young gentleman, who was talking to Mrs. Deering, the landlady, haſtily advanced, and with great politeneſs offered his hand to help me out: he

he bowed low to my uncle, and obſerving that he deſcended with ſome difficuity, he aſſiſted him with equal attention; my uncle thanked him very cordially, which the young gentleman anſwered only by a moſt reſpectful bow, and withdrew. Both my uncle and I thought him extremely handſome; and indeed, my dear Euphemia, he has a moſt engaging countenance, and is one of the fineſt figures I ever ſaw.

Mrs. Deering having conducted us to a parlour, appeared to be in ſome confuſion. 'Your honour,' ſaid ſhe, 'uſed always to give me notice when 'you intended to come here, and then 'I prepared every thing for your recep-'tion.'

'And have you not had notice,' ſaid my uncle; 'I ſent Robert before me, 'early in the morning.' 'Indeed, Sir,' ſaid ſhe, 'not a ſoul has been here from 'you: and I am in the greateſt quan-

'dary

'dary in the world; for I have not a bed 'for your honour, my houſe is ſo full: I 'can make a ſhift to accommodate the 'young lady, if ſhe will put up with a 'little bed in a dark cloſet, and her 'maid can ſleep with one of mine; 'but the room your honour uſed al-'ways to have, is engaged by that 'young gentleman you ſaw in the yard, 'and I have not another room in the 'houſe, but what is taken up.'

My uncle fretted very much at this diſappointment, and at the negligence of the groom. 'What is to be done, 'Maria?' ſaid he to me; 'do you 'think you can bear the fatigue of tra-'velling to the next ſtage this cold 'dark night?'

'I can bear it very well, Sir,' ſaid I, 'but I am ſure you cannot; therefore, 'I muſt entreat that you will accept of 'the dark room and the little bed Mrs. 'Deering talks of; and Fanny ſhall ſit 'up with me in this room: here are two

'easy chairs; and if I can get a book, 'I shall pass my time well enough.' 'I 'cannot consent to that,' said my uncle; then turning to Mrs. Deering, who had uttered a thousand good lacks all the time, he ordered her to get a boiled chicken forsupper; and in the mean time he would resolve upon something.

I CONTINUED to press my uncle to agree to my proposal; which he could not prevail upon himself to approve.

ALL this time we heard nothing of the groom. The night became wet and stormy. I trembled for my uncle's health; for he was immoveable in his resolution not to let me sit up all night; but rather to go forward to the next stage; when Mrs. Deering entered the room smiling, and told us, that the young gentleman, who had engaged the room, hearing of the inconveniences we were likely to suffer for want of an apartment, had politely resigned it to my

my uncle; and was actually ſet out on horſeback, in the midſt of the ſtorm, in order to reach the houſe of a friend, who lived about ten miles diſtant.

'BLESSINGS on his heart for it!' ſaid Mrs. Deering, 'it was as good a deed 'as ever was done; and it was all his 'own offer.'

MY uncle appeared very much affected with this young man's civility. 'Who is he?' ſaid he to Mrs. Deering: 'I hope I ſhall have an opportunity, 'ſome time or other, of thanking him.' 'He is your nameſake,' ſaid Mrs. Deering.

'HARLEY!' interrupted my uncle, impatiently, 'Who's ſon is he?'

'HE is ſon to the Reverend Doctor 'Harley,' anſwered Mrs. Deering; 'and is juſt returned from Germany. 'He was ſent to get his learning at a

'*Verſity* there; becauſe his father, it 'ſeems, is not rich, and could not main-'tain him at one of our own *Verſities*.'

My uncle had been uſed to this good woman's language, and was able to liſten to her gravely; but it was with ſome difficulty that I could help ſmiling. However, my mirth was immediately clouded, when caſting my eyes upon my uncle, I perceived all the marks of aſtoniſhment, anger and confuſion in his countenance.

'Pray haſten ſupper,' ſaid he to Mrs. Deering, at the ſame time making a motion to her with his hand to be gone. She left the room; and he continued to walk about in it ſilently, with a haſty unequal ſtep.

My aſtoniſhment at this evident diſcompoſure, kept me ſilent alſo for ſome moments. At length I aſked him, if any

any thing extraordinary had happened, to make him uneaſy.

'YES,' replied he, throwing himſelf into a chair, 'I have reaſon to be uneaſy, when, contrary to my intentions, 'I am laid under obligations to perſons 'I hate. This young fellow has inſulted me by his mock-civility. Cannot you gueſs who he is?' 'Is he not, 'Sir,' ſaid I, 'related to us?'

'HE is ſo, to your and my misfortune,' ſaid he. 'His father is my 'enemy, my mortal enemy: and upon 'him, ſince I have no male heir, my 'eſtates are entailed. Oh! that my 'brother had left me a ſon inſtead of a 'daughter!'

'WELL, Sir,' ſaid I, endeavouring to laugh him out of his ill humour, 'it 'is always misfortune enough to be a 'woman, without any aggravation. But 'I am not avaricious; and you have

'made me as rich as I deſire to be. I 'wiſh, indeed, your heir was more wor-'thy of your regard. But has this young 'man affronted you, as well as his fa-'ther?'

'His father is a villain!' cried my uncle, ſtarting from his chair, and pacing again furiouſly about the room; then ſuddenly ſtopping, and graſping my hand eagerly,

'Oh! Maria,' ſaid he, 'I have cauſe 'for hatred; that baſe man betrayed 'me! betrayed me in the tendereſt 'point! betrayed me, who was his kinſ-'man, his friend, his benefactor!'

His voice failed; his eyes filled with tears; he turned from me, and throwing himſelf again into his chair, fixed his looks, altered as they were from rage to melancholy, ſtedfaſtly upon the fire.

WHILE he continued in this affecting ſilence, I could not refrain from tears; which I endeavoured to conceal, upon Mrs. Deering's entrance with ſupper. Sir John was ſo abſorbed in thought, that he did not perceive ſhe was in the room; I drew near to tell him ſoftly, that ſupper was on the table.

'I HOPE his Honour is not ill!' ſaid Mrs. Deering, coming up officiouſly towards him. 'Sir John is fatigued,' ſaid I, 'with his journey.' 'Ah! no doubt 'of it,' ſaid ſhe. 'What a mercy it 'was, that his honour did not go fur-'ther to-night. Bleſſings on good 'young Mr. Harley, for leaving us his 'bed!'

AT that name my uncle ſtarted up in ſome emotion; and then, for the firſt time, perceiving our loquacious landlady, he recollected himſelf, and drew his chair near the table.

'It is a bitter night,' purſued ſhe; 'poor heart! I warrant he is drenched 'through with the rain by this time: 'but as long as his Honour is ſafe and 'warm, I am contented.'

Sensible how much my uncle muſt ſuffer in the preſent ſtate of his mind, by this woman's idle talk, I deſired her to get his apartment ready for him as ſoon as poſſible; 'for I ſuppoſe, Sir,' ſaid I, 'you will chooſe to retire when 'you have ſupped?' 'Certainly,' he ſaid: upon which Mrs. Deering withdrew.

My uncle, ſtill penſive and ſilent, carved the chicken, helped me and himſelf, but ſcarce ate any thing; and my ſupper being finiſhed as ſoon as his, he drank one glaſs of wine; and ordering his valet, who attended, to light him to his room, he wiſhed me a good night, and left me.

I was

I was glad to be alone, that I might give free vent to my tears; for the gentle melancholy my uncle fell into, after the firſt ſallies of his anger were over, affected me greatly. I could have wiſhed he had opened his heart to me, and acquainted me with the cauſe of his enmity againſt his kinſman. That there was no cordiality nor correſpondence between them, I knew; but I never imagined their differences were of a nature to excite ſuch a ſtrong and laſting enmity. But what has this poor young man done, to deſerve ſo great a ſhare of my uncle's diſlike? for it ſeems he never ſaw him before, and was diſpoſed to like him, till he heard his name: and indeed, it muſt be acknowledged, that he has ſomething extremely intereſting in his countenance, and his perſon and addreſs are engaging to a great degree. Poor youth! his complaiſance may probably coſt him dear; the night is dark and ſtormy, his road lies acroſs the country, and he has ten miles to travel, with no attendant

but an old countryman, whom, at a large expence, he hired to ſerve him as a guide.

HERE is Mrs. Deering with her alaſſes! again; ſhe puts a thouſand frightful thoughts into one's head. I have always obſerved, that low people take a pleaſure in creating fears, when there is no cauſe for them, and in aggravating them when there is. But I will go to-bed: I am tired, but not ſleepy. I have been writing ever ſince my uncle left me.—Good night, my dear Euphemia.

THREE O'CLOCK.

I CANNOT ſleep, the tempeſt without is ſo violent; and, to ſay the truth, the agitations of my mind have raiſed a kind of tempeſt within me. I am riſen, and I am got again to my pen. I dread the ſeeing my uncle; his uneaſineſs affects me greatly. Methinks, I can now account

account for his ill-ſuited marriage with Miſs Fenwick.—Doubtleſs, he hoped for an heir, to diſappoint the expectations of his hated kinſman, and his race. But, why ſhould his race be hated too? Whatever the father's guilt may be, ought it to involve the innocent ſon? Bleſs me! there is a loud knocking at the gate. This ſtormy night has driven ſome bewildered travellers hither. Poor Mr. Harley! perhaps, he too, may be in difficulties. Good Heaven! how they thunder at the gate! This impatience ſpeaks ſome emergency. So, the houſe is rouſed, I perceive: my window looks into the inn-yard; cold and dreary as it is, I muſt open it, and ſee what is the matter.

A POST chaiſe drives into the yard; they help a man out of it, who ſeems to be hurt: ſome dreadful accident has happened. I muſt ring for ſomebody to come to me; I am terrified, and cannot bear to be alone.

ALAS! my dear Euphemia, the wounded man I ſaw brought in is Mr. Harley! My maid, whom the noiſe had wakened, came to my chamber; I ſent her to make ſome enquiries; ſhe returned with my uncle's groom, who told me, that the young gentleman was dangerouſly hurt. I was exceſſively angry with this fellow, by whoſe neglect all this miſchief has been brought about. I could hardly bear him in my ſight; yet I was impatient to know, how he happened to be in Mr. Harley's company, for he was in the chaiſe with him, it ſeems: he told me, after ſome awkward excuſes for his tranſgreſſion, which I impatiently interrupted, that having met with a brother, who was juſt returned from ſea, and whom he had not ſeen for many years, he was by him perſuaded to go into a public houſe; where drink and diſcourſe beguiled the time, he ſaid, in ſuch a manner, that it was late in the evening before they parted; but the ſtorm was ſo violent,

that

that he could not have proceeded, if he had not met with a returned poſt-chaiſe, the driver of which was his acquaintance, who invited him to take a ſeat in it; he ſet out with his friend, who promiſed to leave him at this inn. In their way, they were alarmed with the cries of a man, who begged them to alight, and aſſiſt a gentleman, whoſe horſe had thrown him, and who, he believed, was dangerouſly hurt: this was poor Mr. Harley, my dear. They found him lying under a tree, which afforded him but indifferent ſhelter againſt the rain; and in this condition, it ſeems, he had remained near an hour, being unable to riſe, much leſs to ſit his horſe; and in all this time, no carriage of any ſort had paſſed by till their arrival; his guide, poor fellow! had taken off his own great coat to cover the poor youth as he lay, ſupporting his head upon his knees, hollowing in vain for help, where there was none to hear; and uncertain whether he ought to leave him, in that condition,

condition, to ſeek for aſſiſtance, or ſtay near him, in expectation that Providence would ſend them relief.

WITH ſome difficulty they raiſed him, and put him into the chaiſe; Robert ſupporting him in it. The humanity he had ſhewn upon this occaſion prevented any further reproaches from me for his negligence, and I promiſed to prevail with my uncle to pardon him; who, upon the report of what had happened, had riſen, and having ſent to know if I was up, deſired I would come to him in the parlour. He took notice that my eyes were red. 'I do not blame 'you for your ſenſibility,' ſaid he; 'I 'am concerned, as well as you, for the 'accident that has happened to this 'young man. That I ſhould be un-'deſignedly made, in part, the occaſion 'of it, is one of thoſe good turns which 'I am uſed to meet with from that 'family.

I PER-

I PERCEIVED he was in an ill humour; ſo I made him no anſwer to this ſpeech, which, I thought, was a very ſtrange one at this time. He walked haſtily backwards and forwards in the room, as his manner is, when he is vexed.

'I HAVE ſent to tell Mrs. Deering,' ſaid he, 'that ſhe may accommodate her 'gueſt with my bed, which I have left 'for that purpoſe; ſo there, I think, we 'are even.' There was no anſwering to this, you know; ſo I was ſtill ſilent.

'I AM impatient to be gone,' purſued he, 'therefore ring, and order ſome 'breakfaſt to be prepared immediately; 'we will ſet out as ſoon as it is light.'

I RUNG, and my maid appearing, I ordered her to get breakfaſt ready: 'for 'I ſuppoſe,' ſaid I, 'they have buſineſs 'enough below to employ them.' My uncle looked wiſhfully at Fanny, then at me, as if deſirous to know what was paſſing. I aſked no queſtions, though I was

I was really in a great deal of anxiety myſelf, being reſolved to ſee how far good nature would work. He ſeemed diſappointed when Fanny went out of the room; and going to the door, called her back.

'WHY do you not tell us,' ſaid he, 'how the gentleman is?' 'He is very 'bad, Sir,' ſaid Fanny; 'he is very 'much bruiſed, and has got a large cut 'on the ſide of his head, for it ſeems he 'fell againſt a huge ſtone that lay in 'the road: Mrs. Deering ſays, he 'bleeds like a pig, and he has fainted 'away twice. There is no ſurgeon to 'be had nearer than the next town, and 'that is ſeven miles off.'

MY uncle now walked about faſter than before. 'Curſed accident!' muttered he: then, ſuddenly ſtopping, 'Is 'any one gone for this ſurgeon?' aſked he, haſtily. Fanny told him, a man and horſe were gone full ſpeed. 'Well, 'make haſte with breakfaſt,' ſaid he, 'it

'it grows light; and tell the men to get 'the carriage ready; I will be gone 'immediately.'

Mrs. Deering brought in the chocolate herſelf, and told us, that as good luck would have it, one of her gueſts, being a phyſical gentleman, had viſited Mr. Harley, who was now in bed; that he ſaid, he ought to be bled immediately, and undertook to do it himſelf, though he did not practiſe that profeſſion; that he had *ſubſcribed* ſomething to anoint his bruiſes, and to compoſe him to ſleep; and that he was actually in a fine breathing ſweat, and was very quiet.

Sir John, I could obſerve, liſtened to her ſtrange jargon very attentively, which, at any other time, would have made me ſmile. But I was really concerned for the young gentleman, extremely concerned; it was natural I ſhould be ſo, for he is our kinſman, you know,

know, and whatever may be his father's demerits, he is blameleſs.

My uncle heard all ſhe ſaid without making any reply; and having drank his chocolate, ſeated himſelf in an eaſy chair, complaining that he was very ſleepy. I retired to my own room, and wrote thus far, expecting to be ſoon ſummoned to depart, for I ſee the coach is drawn out. Methinks I could wiſh the ſurgeon was come, that we might have his opinion of the poor young man's caſe: common humanity, you know, my dear, would ſuggeſt this. Sure, Sir John will not go till he knows what degree of danger Mr. Harley is in. I was miſtaken; he ſends this moment to know if I am ready.—Well, I will attend him.

Greville Park.

I am retired for the night to my own chamber; the fatigue and agitation of the day affording me a reaſonable excuſe

cuſe for deſiring early reſt; but I ſhall devote an hour or two to you before I go to-bed.

I TOLD you, my uncle ſent to let me know he was ready to ſet out from the inn, and I haſtened down to him. I found him reading a news-paper, and ſo leiſurely, that he even read all the advertiſements; at length, he laid down the paper, walked to the window, and looked at his watch. My maid coming in with my cloak, he aſked her, 'If the 'ſurgeon was come?' She anſwered, 'No;' but that the coach was ready.' I roſe up, my uncle gave me his hand; I thought we were going away immediately, when he ſtopped ſhort at the parlour door: 'I fancy, Maria,' ſaid he, 'you 'would be glad of a diſh of tea before 'you go; you have had very little reſt, 'it will refreſh you, and you are not 'uſed to breakfaſt upon chocolate.'

IT appeared to me, that my uncle was deſirous of ſtaying till the ſurgeon came,

came, though he would not own it. I accepted his propoſal, and tea was ordered. In about half an hour afterwards, Fanny told us the ſurgeon was come: 'Well,' ſaid my uncle, with an aſſumed careleſſneſs, 'we ſhall now hear 'his opinion of this caſe.' And accordingly Mrs. Deering came, in a great hurry, to tell us.

'WELL, Heaven be praiſed,' ſaid ſhe, 'matters are not ſo bad as we imagined; 'Surgeon Parker has examined the 'wound, and ſhook his head; but ſays, he 'hopes it will not be attended with very 'great danger. He is a fine man; he 'will cure him, if any body can. He 'ſays, the young gentleman is very 'much bruiſed, but he hopes not dan-'gerouſly; and his fever is pretty high, 'but he hopes not dangerous. He ſays, 'he muſt be kept quiet; for it will be 'a work of time to ſet him upon his 'legs again. Oh, he is a fine man; the 'young gentleman will be very ſafe in 'his

'his hands. But I muſt go, and get 'ready the things he has *ſubſcribed* for 'him.' And accordingly ſhe left us, in as great a hurry as ſhe came in.

'I FANCY this fine man,' ſaid my uncle, half ſmiling, 'will make a fine 'job of this.' Then pauſing a little; 'the wounded gentleman,' ſaid he, 'is 'probably not provided with money 'enough to anſwer ſuch extraordinary 'expences as he may be brought into; 'and the wretch, his father, lives at a 'great diſtance: can you think of any 'method, Maria, of conveying this to 'him,' taking a bank-note of fifty pounds out of his pocket-book; 'it 'will hurt his delicacy, I ſuppoſe, to 'put it into Mrs. Deering's hands for 'his uſe.' I could have wiſhed my uncle had completed this act of benevolence, by making Mr. Harley a viſit, and giving it to himſelf; but I durſt not mention this to him.

'THERE

'THERE is no other way, Sir,' ſaid I, 'than to incloſe it, and ſend it to him 'by Mrs. Deering.' He ſaid, that would do; and taking his hat, walked into the garden, to give me an opportunity. Accordingly, I incloſed the note in a blank ſheet of paper, and ſealed it with my own cypher. I then ſent for Mrs. Deering, and deſired her to deliver it to Mr. Harley herſelf. She told me he was aſleep, which I was glad to hear; and, ſmiling ſignificantly, aſſured me, he ſhould have it as ſoon as he waked. She was going to oppreſs me with her uſual loquacity; but my uncle coming in, ſhe ſtopped ſhort. He gave me his hand to lead me to the coach, and we drove away immediately; my uncle not once ſpeaking to me, till we came within five miles of Greville-park; when he perceived Mr. Greville, on horſe back, coming to meet us; and he pointed him out to me.

MR.

Mr. Greville, full of the pleaſure this viſit gave him, ſaid a great many civil thing to me; and thanked Sir John for the favour he did him, in prevailing upon me to accompany him. But my uncle continued to be grave and penſive; ſo that when we arrived at the Park, Mr. Greville, as he handed me out of the coach, expreſſed ſome ſurpriſe at the humour his friend ſeemed to be in; and aſked me, in a whiſper, What was the matter? I replied, That we had met with ſome diſagreeable accidents at the inn, which, I ſuppoſed, Sir John would acquaint him with; and that I ſhould then expect an explanation from him; for I knew he was too much in his confidence, to be ignorant of any thing that materially concerned him.

This is a delightful ſeat, my dear Euphemia; ſweetly romantic in its ſituation and proſpects. The houſe is not very large, but elegant, and furniſhed with great taſte. I complimented the houſe-

houſe-keeper, who is a grave matronly woman, upon the exquiſite neatneſs that reigned in all the apartments. That which is allotted for me, during my ſtay, is one of the beſt.

I HAVE had a long converſation with Mr. Greville this morning. My uncle, being a little fatigued with his journey, did not accompany us in our walk in the park, which is a very extenſive one. I was impatient to know what had paſſed between them, after I left them laſt night, concerning our adventures on the road; and Mr. Greville, to my wiſh, entered of himſelf into the ſubject.

'So, Sir John has ſeen his young kinſ-
'man,' ſaid he, 'I find. It muſt have
'been a trying interview for him; and,
'no doubt, opened all thoſe wounds,
'which neither time nor reaſon have
'been able entirely to heal.

'WHAT

'WHAT are thoſe wounds,' ſaid I, 'which, in a mind ſo generous as my 'uncle's naturally is, could produce ſuch 'fatal effects, as to make him confound 'innocence with guilt, and reject the 'blameleſs ſon for the faults of the of-'fending father? Yet, it muſt be 'owned, that, angry as he was, he for-'got not the duties of humanity.'

'THAT is exactly my friend,' replied Mr. Greville; 'his paſſions may ſome-'times miſlead him, but his inclinations 'are always good, and never fail to 'bring him again into the right path. 'But you will not be ſurpriſed at the 'continuance of his reſentment againſt 'the father, when you know the inju-'ries he has received from him; and I 'have his leave to make you acquainted 'with them. "For I am not willing," 'ſaid he, "that my niece ſhould think "meanly of me, as ſhe probably will, "till ſhe is convinced, that my reſent-

" ment is but proportioned to the of-
" fence that has been given me."

'You muſt know then, that Sir
'John and Dr. Harley had contracted
'a great friendſhip for each other in
'their early youth. They received the
'firſt rudiments of their education at
'the ſame academy, and were ſent to-
'gether to the ſame univerſity. Dr.
'Harley's father was but in indifferent
'circumſtances, and would have found
'it very difficult to have ſupported his
'ſon at college, had not his expences
'been liberally ſupplied by your uncle,
'whoſe father, Sir Henry Harley, gave
'him a very large allowance. The two
'friends were inſeparable; and their
'mutual attachment was ſo ſteady and
'ſo ardent, that they were called Pila-
'des and Oreſtes. Mr. Harley, your
'uncle, during one of the vacations,
'became acquainted in a gentleman's
'family, the daughter of which was ex-
'quiſitely

'quiſitely handſome, and highly accom-
'pliſhed; for her father, having no for-
'tune to give her, was at an expence for
'her education, which but little ſuited his
'circumſtances, not doubting but her
'beauty, aided by ſuch advantages,
'would procure her a very honourable
'eſtabliſhment. Your uncle conceived
'a violent paſſion for her; he made her
'a declaration of it, which was not ill
'received; but the prudent young lady
'referred him to her father, which put
'matters in ſuch a train, that your uncle
'was ſoon engaged in a formal matri-
'monial addreſs, which, for the pre-
'ſent, however, was to be carried on
'ſecretly, as it was not expected that
'Sir Henry would be eaſily prevailed
'upon to give his conſent, and the
'young gentleman was ſtill maſter
'enough of himſelf, to reject all thoughts
'of a complete diſobedience.

'His young kinſman, you may be
'ſure, became his confident; and he

'undertook to manage a correſpond-
'ence between the lovers; which, for
'ſome time, was carried on undiſcovered;
'at length, ſome hints of the affair had
'been given to Sir Henry, who, when his
'ſon came next to viſit him, cauſed him
'to be watched ſo cloſely, that he ſoon
'became maſter of the whole ſecret. He
'came to an explanation with his ſon,
'who had too much candour to deny his
'attachment to Miſs Denby; but aſſured
'him, that he never entertained a
'thought of engaging himſelf further
'without his conſent.

'Sir Henry ſeemed ſatisfied with
'this aſſurance, and gave him to under-
'ſtand, that he relied entirely upon his
'honour, and expected that he would
'break off this connexion; and, to make
'all ſure, propoſed, that he ſhould ſet
'out immediately upon his travels. This
'was a ſad ſtroke: Mr. Harley en-
'deavoured to ward it off by many bad
'arguments, which he brought to prove,

'that

'that it would be better to defer this 'expedition for a year at leaſt.

'SIR HENRY, who never had recourſe 'to authority when the caſe in queſtion 'could be decided by reaſon, was ſen-'ſible, that to combat paſſion with re-'monſtrances was engaging with un-'equal arms; therefore he put an end 'to the debate with a poſitive *I will have 'it ſo*; and preparations were immedi-'ately made for his departure.

'THE lovers, at parting, exchanged a 'thouſand vows of conſtancy, and their 'faithful confident promiſed to manage 'their correſpondence as uſual, which 'went on unſuſpected for near a year, 'when Mr. Harley's governor diſco-'vered it by chance, and gave imme-'diate notice to Sir Henry.

'THE Baronet began now to appre-'hend very ſerious conſequences from 'a paſſion which had ſtood the teſt of

'time and abſence; and the active 'part young Harley had taken in the 'affair giving him juſt offence, he 'ſent for him in order to reprove him 'ſeverely for it. Mr. Harley, finding 'it in vain to deny the truth to one 'who was too well informed, pleaded 'in his own excuſe the force of friendſhip, 'and in your uncle's, the faſcinating 'power of Miſs Denby's charms; and on 'this laſt point he ſpoke ſo feelingly, 'as put a ſcheme into Sir Henry's 'head, which, if it ſucceeded, would 'effectually prevent the misfortune he 'feared from his ſon's imprudent at-'tachment.

'Dropping therefore the firſt ſeverity 'of his tone and aſpect, he began to ex-'poſtulate mildly with him.'

"If my ſon," ſaid he, "continues "his addreſſes to this girl, he will of-"fend me greatly; but, if he ſhould "be mad enough to marry her, never "let him hope for my pardon; I will "baniſh

" baniſh him from my heart, and from
" my ſight for ever; tell him this, and
" uſe all your influence with him to pre-
" vent ſuch an inſult to parental autho-
" rity; in doing ſo you will ſhew your
" friendſhip to him, and will ſecure
" mine to yourſelf."

'MR. Harley's father was lately dead,
'and had left him a very ſmall fortune;
'he had taken orders, but had little
'hopes of obtaining any preferment in
'the church but by the intereſt of Sir
'Henry. He perceived all the advan-
'tages of this opening towards gaining
'his confidence and friendſhip; and Sir
'Henry was convinced by the ſupple-
'neſs of his anſwers, that it would not
'be a very difficult matter to lead him
'as far as he pleaſed. He reſolved,
'therefore, to explain his whole deſign
'at once, founding his hopes of ſucceſs
'in it, on the obſervations he had made
'on the warmth with which the young
'man expatiated upon the beauty and
'merit of Miſs Denby. He knew that

'the

'the ſhorteſt way to perſuade was to 'pleaſe; therefore, he inſtantly propo-'ſed to him to marry the young lady 'himſelf, whom he would portion with 'a thouſand pounds, and give him the 'reverſion of the living of ———, 'which was worth three hundred pounds 'a year, and was likely to be ſoon va-'cant, the preſent incumbent being 'then above four-ſcore.

'The once faithful Pilades could not 'reſiſt theſe ſtrong temptations; he 'ſacrificed his Oreſtes without ſcruple, 'perſuading himſelf that the friendſhip 'he had vowed for him required that 'he ſhould uſe every means in his power 'to prevent his incurring the guilt of 'diſobedience to his father; and know-'ing that in great affairs there are no 'ſmall ſteps, he went boldly to work, 'repreſented to Mr. Denby the danger 'of offending a man ſo powerful by his 'fortune and intereſt as Sir Henry Har-'ley; by encouraging his ſon's clan-'deſtine addreſs to Miſs Denby; that

'the

'the young gentleman himſelf did not 'entertain a thought of marrying her 'without his father's conſent, which 'would never be obtained; that the 'Baronet's death alone could open a 'proſpect of ſucceſs in this affair; and 'this proſpect, conſidering the vigour 'of his years and conſtitution, was very 'remote. He adviſed him, therefore, 'to liſten to another propoſal for his 'daughter, which, though not ſo ſplen-'did yet was certain, and might be 'productive of more happineſs.

'Mr. Denby was a reaſonable man; 'he conſidered that nothing is leſs cer-'tain than the future—nothing apter to 'deceive than hope. He was anxious 'to ſettle his daughter, and reſolved not 'to reject a preſent good for the bare 'poſſibility of a greater in future; and, 'after ſome reflection, deſired Mr. 'Harley to explain himſelf, which he 'accordingly did, relating very can-'didly Sir Henry's propoſal; for even

'knaves

'knaves can be honeſt when their inte-
'reſt points that way.

'THE two gentlemen were ſoon
'agreed; the greateſt difficulty ſeemed
'to be the perſuading Miſs Denby to
'this new regulation:—but even this
'was got over in a little time, either
'becauſe the young lady's paſſion for
'her abſent lover was not very violent,
'or ſhe had given way to a growing
'inclination for the preſent; or, what
'indeed was moſt likely, the precarious
'condition of her fortune, her ſole de-
'pendence being upon the life of her
'father, whoſe health was declining,
'and whoſe income, ariſing from a place
'in the revenue, did not enable him to
'lay up any thing for her future ſup-
'port.

'SIR Henry had ſoon the ſatisfaction
'to hear that this marriage was com-
'pleted; he performed the firſt part of his
'promiſe immediately, and cauſed the
'thouſand

'thouſand pounds he gave Miſs Denby 'to be ſettled on herſelf; and in a very 'few weeks he was enabled to perform 'the ſecond part of it; the living be-'came vacant, and Mr. Harley was put 'in poſſeſſion of it.

'YOUR uncle was at Bruſſels, on his 'way to England, when he heard of 'this marriage, which, upon report, he 'did not believe: but a letter from 'his father put it paſt a doubt. He 'received one at the ſame time from 'Dr. Harley, which he returned un-'opened. He made no reproaches, he 'expreſſed no reſentment; ſatisfied 'with the reſolution he had taken, 'never for the future to hold any 'converſe with a man who had ſo 'baſely betrayed him, he confined his 'grief and rage within his own breaſt; 'and, in his letter to his father, took 'not the leaſt notice of what had hap-'pened, but deſired he would approve 'of his intention to continue abroad 'ſome time longer.

'DR.

'Dr. Harley was deeply wounded by 'the contemptuous ſilence of his injured 'friend, which carried with it more keen 'reproach than the ſevereſt invectives. 'His remorſe, it was ſaid, coſt him a 'fit of ſickneſs; and he had the mor-'tification to find that Sir Henry, 'though he profited by his treachery, 'yet deſpiſed him for it, confining his 'acknowledgments to the bare per-'formance of his promiſe, without keep-'ing up any correſpondence with him, 'or puſhing his intereſt any further.

'Your uncle continued on the con-'tinent three years longer, viſiting moſt 'of the European courts; and being 'furniſhed with remittances to make a 'large expence, he amuſed himſelf ſo 'effectually, that he returned to Eng-'land perfectly cured of his paſſion; 'but retaining all his reſentment 'againſt the perfidious pair who had ſo 'baſely betrayed him.

'Sir

'Sir Henry preſſed him to marry, to 'which he ſeemed greatly averſe; and 'when his father, to prevail upon him, 'mentioned the entail of his eſtates 'upon Mr. Harley in default of iſſue 'in his line, your uncle ſaid, his bro-'ther's marriage might as effectually 'prevent that misfortune as his. Ac-'cordingly Mr. Edward Harley was, 'with the conſent of all parties, mar-'ried to your amiable mother; and Sir 'Henry, before he died, had the ſatis-'faction to be grandfather to three fine 'boys and yourſelf. It pleaſed Heaven, 'however, to take your brother to him-'ſelf; and your parents, too much af-'fected with their loſs, followed them 'in a few months. Then it was that 'your uncle reſolved upon marriage, 'but was not able to fix till he ſaw Miſs 'Fenwick. A moſt judicious choice, 'as it has proved; and he has now the 'mortification to know, that the perſon 'whom he hates moſt, and has moſt

'reaſon to hate, plumes himſelf with 'the hope of ſucceeding to his fortune.'

THIS was what Mr. Greville told me, my dear Euphemia; and it muſt be confeſſed, that my uncle's fixed reſentment againſt the elder Mr. Harley is very juſtifiable. It was natural, you know, my dear, to be a little inquiſitive about the character of the ſon. Mr. Greville, it ſeems, knows him very well, having met him ſeveral times in company ſince his return from Leyden. He ſpeaks of his merit in very high terms: he ſays he is a moſt amiable youth, is poſſeſſed of a fine underſtanding, and beſides being an excellent ſcholar, is highly accompliſhed. He reſembles his father, he ſays, in nothing but the graces of his perſon; and even in theſe he has the advantage of him.

'HE would be no bad repreſentative,' added Mr. Greville, 'of the honours

'of

'of your family; but, if it be true 'what ſome have obſerved, that the qua-'lities of the mind are hereditary, though 'the order of ſucceſſion is not always 'obſerved, young Harley may have a 'ſon that will reſemble his grandfather, 'and diſgrace thoſe honours.'

I SMILED at this conceit, and I muſt confeſs I was glad to hear ſo good an account of the young man, for I was willing to be juſtified in the favourable prepoſſeſſion — I mean the good opinion I had conceived of him from his very polite and engaging behaviour. 'Mr. Greville told me that he would diſ-'patch a man and horſe to-day to the 'Bell Inn, to know how the young gen-'tleman is, and, by ſome means or other,' ſaid he, 'I will contrive to let Sir John 'know the ſtate of his health, about 'which I am ſure he has good nature 'enough to be anxious, though he will 'not own it.'

Our walk ended with this little hiſtory. My uncle himſelf mentioned Mr. Harley, and ſaid he ſhould be glad to know if the young man's hurt was really as bad as the ſurgeon repreſented it.

'We ſhall know, preſently,' ſaid Mr. Greville, 'for I ordered Will, as 'he paſſed by the Bell Inn, to enquire; 'he muſt be come back I ſuppoſe by 'this time.' — He rang the bell, and Will himſelf appeared. — 'Well, how 'is the wounded gentleman?' ſaid Sir John, careleſsly. — 'Sir,' replied the man, 'he is much better; ſo well, in-'deed, that he talks of ſetting out to-'morrow in a poſt chaiſe for his fa-'ther's houſe; but the ſurgeon and Mrs. 'Deering ſay he is mad to think of any 'ſuch thing, and would fain have him 'ſtay a week longer, at leaſt; but the 'young gentleman ſeems to be a very 'poſitive young gentleman, and will do 'as he pleaſes.'

When

When William left the room, my uncle ſaid he was glad the young man was not likely to be a great ſufferer by his civility, which, whether it proceeded, ſaid he, from an intereſted policy, or real benevolence, I profited by, and therefore owed him my thanks for it: and now, that the matter is all over, I muſt inſiſt upon never having his name mentioned to me again.

He ſpoke this with ſo ſevere a look, and in ſo firm an accent, that Mr. Greville did not think fit to make any reply; much leſs did I, you may be ſure. But is this juſt, my dear Euphemia, to ſhew ſo much rancour? — Rancour did I ſay! no, that is too harſh a word. My uncle is incapable of harbouring any rancour in his breaſt; but ſo much diſlike to one who never offended him — one whoſe amiable qualities — yes, I think that praiſe may be allowed to him from what we obſerved of his behaviour, even though Mr. Greville may have drawn

drawn his character with ſome exaggeration. But why ſhould one ſuppoſe that Mr. Greville, whoſe penetration and ſincerity nobody ever called in queſtion, could either be miſtaken in the character of this youth, or draw it in falſe colours? If then he is what he repreſents him to be, and what his behaviour to us gives us reaſon to think he is, I muſt ſay it is unreaſonable, nay, it is unjuſt in my uncle to confound him with his unworthy parents, and make him anſwerable for their faults.

I EXPECTED to have had a letter from you by yeſterday's poſt. How does it happen that I am diſappointed? Does the Bellenden family engroſs you wholly? Have you not a few moments to ſpare to your friend? Let me not accuſe you of neglect, my Euphemia; at this time it would affect me greatly. —I am low-ſpirited—I know not why, but I am really ſo; and yet have I not

too

too much cauſe for low ſpirits—are we not to be ſeparated, perhaps for ever? Mr. Greville quarrels with me for ſpending ſo many hours in the Park; its romantic ſcenes charm me—"ſolitude is "the nurſe of tender thought," the poet ſays; and in the ſilence and gloom of theſe ſhades I undergo the melancholy reveries of divided friendſhip—divided, but never to be leſſened.—Yes, my dear Euphemia, I think of you with more tenderneſs than ever; my fortitude has quite forſaken me, and my tears flow at the bare idea of our ſeparation. How then ſhall I ſuppreſs the trial when it comes? But I muſt lay down my pen; Mr. Greville makes an entertainment tomorrow for ſome of the neighbouring families, who come to welcome us to this part of the country; and my maid tells me it is time to dreſs. The poſt carries you a large packet this time. Adieu.

MARIA HARLEY.

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